The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 21, 1921

THE KU KLUX KLAN AGAIN

SINCE our editorial last week on the new Ku Klux Klan that association has been having a widespread publicity not quite in keeping for an oath-bound secret society. The New York "World" has been devoting daily elaborate first-page articles to its purposes, ritual, and ceremonies. As much of the material comes from printed matter duly copyrighted by the Imperial Wizard and open to any one's reading in the Congressional Library, it may be considered so far authentic. As to whether the "World's" conclusions are justified or not, we do not express an opinion. They are that the spread of the membership was largely a matter of collecting fees for membership, and that the individual prejudice of the person approached was worked on to secure his adhesion; if he were of the A. P. A. type, he was urged to save America from the Pope; if he had a strong anti-Jewish prejudice, that appeal was made; if he were concerned about white supremacy, he was pointed to the vigorous assertion of the K. K. K. on this point; if he feared Bolshevism, the general position of the Klan as to aliens was emphasized. And always the religious human love of mystery and ceremony played a part in the propaganda.

What purports to be an authentic interview by a Chicago reporter with the Imperial Wizard (Mr. W. J. Simmons) which we find in an interesting article on the Ku Klux by Mr. Albert de Silver in the New York "Nation" is more specific than anything else we have seen as to the tenets of this secret society. It says:

> We exclude Jews because they do not believe in the Christian religion. We exclude Catholics because they owe allegiance to an institution that is foreign to the Government of the United States. Any native-born American who is a member of the English Church or any other foreign church is barred. To assure the supremacy of the white race we believe in the exclusion of the yellow race and in the disfranchisement of the Negro. It was God's act to make the white race superior to all others. By some scheme of Providence the Negro was created as a serf. . . . We harbor no race prejudices. The Negro never had and has not to-day a better friend than the Ku Klux Klan. The law-abiding Negro who knows his place has nothing to fear from us. . . . We do not act until called upon, but if needed we have a great invisible and mysterious force that will strike terror into the hearts of lawbreakers.

International

THE IMPERIAL WIZARD OF THE KU KLUX KLAN CONDUCTING THE MYSTIC CEREMONIES OF THE KLAN IN CHICAGO

That is precisely what the American spirit will not suffer—"a great invisible and mysterious force that will strike terror into the hearts of lawbreakers." We have definite laws, legal officers of justice, open and public courts. The K. K. K. advocates assert that their purpose is high and patriotic and that the public should look at them as it does upon Free Masons or Knights of Pythias. But those societies do not attempt to administer punishment on persons secretly accused and condemned. Nor do we find in the K. K. K. any trace of those systems of mutual benevolence and brotherly aid which play such a large part in the fraternities accepted and approved by Americans.

Either the new K. K. K. is a veiled threat against liberty of speech and action under the law or it is a meaningless mummery in which Dragons, Ghouls, Goblins, Cyclops, Kleagles, and Wizards amuse themselves with ridiculous antics.

WAGES AND WORK

THE decision lately rendered by Judge K. M. Landis as arbitrator of the building trades controversy in Chicago has more than local importance. With the recognizable decrease in cost of living it is economically inevitable that there should be a corresponding reduction in the high-wage scale in the building trades. Judge Landis says that it is asserted that living expenses have fallen about twenty per cent. The reduction he has fixed in wages is by no means as great as this, but he points out that the building trade is peculiar in that because of weather and seasonal conditions the workers are limited to from 150 to 200 days' labor a year.

So far as this arbitration has effect, the wage cuts vary from ten to twenty-three per cent from the old uniform pay of $1.25 per hour. The abandonment of the quite unfair plan of a uniform rate is one of the excellent points of the decision. Some fifty thousand men are affected by the award, although several trades were not represented. There has been some protest on the part of the unions, but apparently the result will not be severely contested.

One clause of the decision will meet general approval. It provides that there shall be no restriction as to the amount of work a man may do, nor against the use of machinery or methods of appliances, nor against any raw or manufactured material not prison made. Employers may employ or discharge whomsoever of the union they please

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and employees may work for whomsoever they see fit.

Judge Landis took occasion to point out that not all the trouble and stagnation in Chicago building comes from labor troubles. There, as elsewhere, the control of materials by illegal combinations has made the situation extremely bad.

That the award is in line with the general industrial situation of the country is shown by a statement from Government officials that the stabilization of wage scales in many sections has begun to lead industrial plants to resume brisk operation with reasonable assurance that it will not be necessary to advance prices because of increasing labor costs. Decreased unemployment must follow.

CHEMISTRY TO THE FORE

THIS year's meeting in New York City of the American Chemistry Society was notable because of some addresses pointing suggestively to the future. Chief among these addresses was that of Sir William Pope, President of the Society of Chemical Industry of Great Britain. He called the attention of his hearers to the fact that chemistry has still to replace our dwindling supplies of coal and petroleum by vegetable oils, and—what is far more startling—to utilize the sun's radiant energy, in particular to transport it from the tropics for use in temperate zones.

In the same vein Dr. Arthur Little, of Boston, the well-known industrial chemist, indicated the possibilities that lie in the energy of the tides in such locations as the mouth of the Severn River in England and the Rance in France; in the energy possessed not only in radium but also in ordinary matter; and, finally, in the earth's rotation itself.

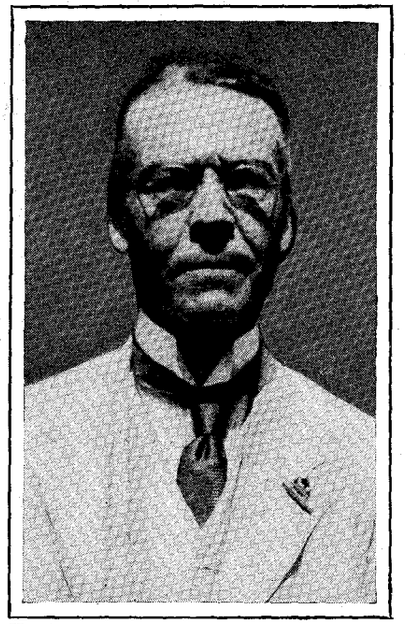
The meeting is always followed by an Exhibition of Chemical Industries. This year it takes place at the armory on the corner of Jerome Avenue and Kingsbridge Road, New York City. The four hundred exhibits show the marvels accomplished by American laboratories, especially those undertaken under the necessity of the late war.

The present exhibition has certain advantages over its predecessors. The vast new armory building makes possible the accommodation of a larger number of exhibits; they are all on one floor, and there is a suitable place for motion pictures and lectures.

While the exhibition appeals of course to every trained expert, the ordinary visitor may gain much information as he gazes at the sensitive laboratory balances, the optical measuring instruments, the air-separation and waste-utilization equipment, and at the many labor-saving devices, but principally at the unprecedented display of the dye industry.

With this in mind, Dr. Charles H. Herty, the distinguished authority on chemistry, said in opening the exposition:

> Here in this great building is set forth the accomplishment of the American chemical industry. In its unification of exhibits is typified that new spirit which is spreading itself throughout the industry. No longer a heterogeneous mass of disjointed effort, seeking more or less selfish and individual ends, it is welded into a mighty whole ready to serve our country in peace or in war. . . .
>
> The industry asks one question: Is not this source of National strength worthy of preservation? Shall its development proceed so that the industry shall fully serve our needs? The answer lies not with the chemist but with our people acting through their representatives in Congress.



Keystone

SIR WILLIAM POPE, HEAD OF THE ENGLISH-CANADIAN DELEGATION AT THE CHEMISTS' CONFERENCE

THE GERMAN CHEMICAL MENACE

DR. HERTY had already indicated a case in point in the current number of his paper, the "Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry," namely, in the defeat of the dye embargo feature of the Fordney Tariff Bill. He asserted that the adverse vote in the House was due chiefly to Mr. Frear, of Wisconsin, and said:

> This Congressman's fight against the embargo was just as vigorous as was his support before our entry into the war of the McLemore Resolution which would have prevented American citizens from sailing on ships bearing munitions, and as was his opposition to the declaration of war against Germany and the passage of the Draft Bill after we had entered the war. . . .

The continued existence and power of the German coal-tar plants, by far the greatest in the world, constitutes a threat because their products (of which dyes are the most important in peace time) form the base of practically all high explosives and of most war gases. This indicates the significance of chemistry from a military standpoint.

The fundamental importance of the dye industry as a reserve force for our army and navy has been emphasized in letters from Secretary Weeks and Secretary Denby to Senator Penrose and from General Pershing to Congressman Longworth. President Harding evidently had the same thought in mind when he wrote to Congressman Longworth that we would be "unmindful" if we failed to protect the dye industry until the permanent tariff act becomes law.

Before the war our shortage of chemical plants in general, and dye plants in particular, made it difficult for us to obtain a supply of high explosives and gases. While we have put ourselves in much better condition to-day, we have no right to ignore the existence of the tremendous German gas-producing power. England, France, Italy, and Japan have not; they have safeguarded their dye industries by an embargo.

The Senate Finance Committee is now considering the Tariff Bill, and can, if it wishes, change the section which protects dyes solely through the high duty provided by the House bill. If this is done and the Conference Committee accepts the embargo section, the bill will go back to the House for another vote. It will be interesting then to note whether eighteen out of the twenty-two Congressmen who originally voted against the war will again oppose the embargo.

LESSONS OF THE ZR-2

THE photograph on page 82 shows the tragic ruin of the ZR-2—its wreckage and broken framework lifted above the waters of the Humber.

The investigation of the wreckage has not as yet proceeded to a point where the cause for the disaster can be definitely given, but it seems probable that the first explanation was correct. The ship buckled when it was attempted to turn her at high speed, and the explosion which cost nearly half a hundred lives followed.

The "Scientific American" in its criticism of the structure of the ZR-2 does not go so far as did Mr. Driggs (in his article published two weeks ago in The Outlook) in his condemnation of giant balloons. It looks forward to a time when the gas bags of airships may pos

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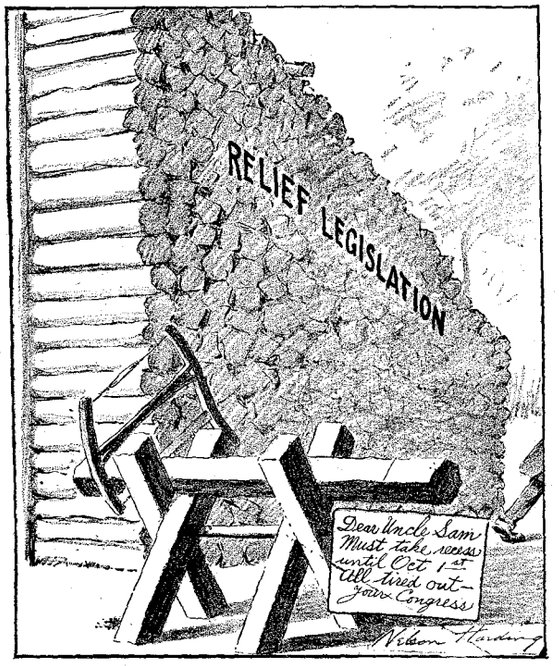
UNDER THE SWEET SHADE OF YOUR GOVERNMENT

(Henry V, Act II, Scene 2)

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



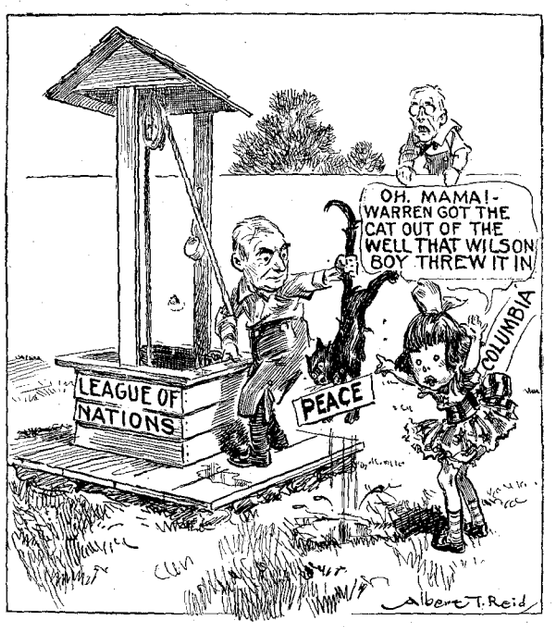
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, RECESS?

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

ON THE JOB

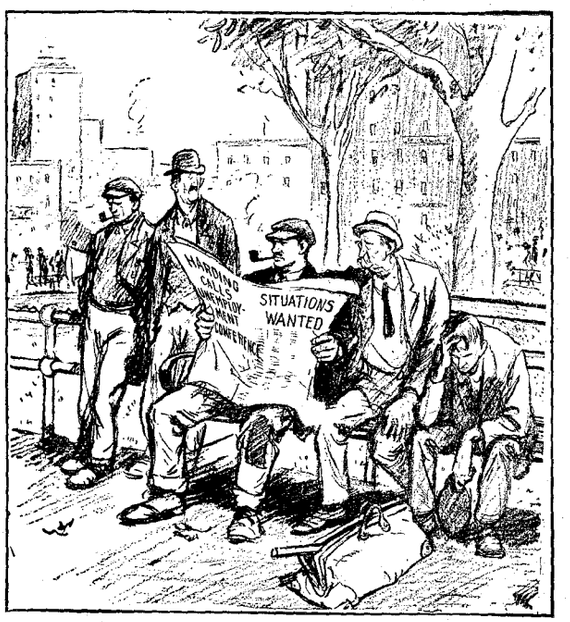
From Miss M. S. Bispham, Philadelphia

Reid in the New York Evening Mail



DING DONG DELL, PUSSY'S OUT OF THE WELL

From the Hanover (Pa.) Evening Sun



BACK TO NORMALCY

From Ellis D. Smith, Hanover, Pa.

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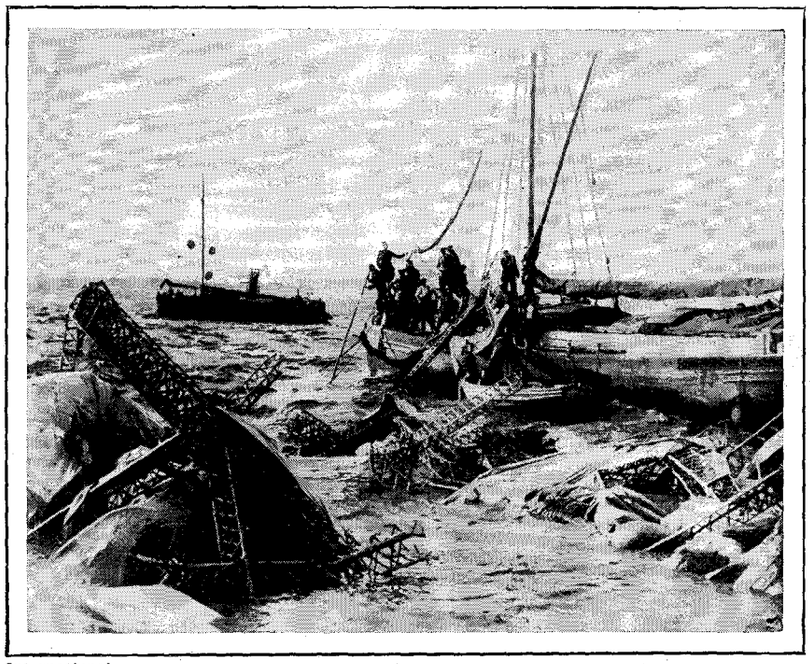

International

THE WRECKAGE OF THE ZR-2, IN THE HUMBER RIVER, AT HULL, ENGLAND

sibly be eliminated by sheathing the bodies of the ships with some light alloy that will serve as a gas container. Of course there is no necessity for filling even the gas bags of our present dirigible airships with explosive gases. As The Outlook said two weeks ago, the risk of an explosive gas bag is something which our Government should never ask its aviators to face again.

WHITE COAL IN SWEDEN

Since the War, Sweden has demonstrated in a most practical fashion the utilization of her water resources in relation to railroading industries. While the fuel shortage that has so undermined all European industries was equally felt in Sweden, she ingeniously made up the tonnage deficit by the use of "white coal" or water power, so that to-day it is possible to travel a distance of one thousand miles north from Stockholm in less than forty-three hours—over one hundred and fifty miles of this difficult and mountainous travel being by way of an electrified railway.

This electric railway, forming a connecting link between two widely separated Scandinavian centers, is one of the finest in the world and marks a tremendous step in the progress of railroading. So satisfactory are the results of this war-necessity measure that a plan to electrify all railways in Sweden is under consideration. In order to materialize this plan, it will be necessary to level the various useful waterways and convert the waterfalls into generating stations, so that every certain number of kilometers of railway will be within reach of an electric current. This will necessitate a tremendous financial expenditure, which at present is unwarranted by traffic; but a committee of engineers and other scientific experts have been appointed to take the matter under consideration and make demonstrations to prove the practicability and ultimate economy in thus utilizing these valuable natural resources.

The greatest water supply is derived from the Falls of Talhatten, near Gotenburg, which are fed by the waters of Lake Venern, Sweden's largest lake, measuring over eighty miles in length. This liquid dynamo alone generates approximately 80,000 horse-power, and it is roughly estimated that the combined water resources, if thus incorporated, would generate a potentiality of 6,200,000 horse-power.

Although Sweden is richer than most countries in this particular respect, nevertheless other countries, as is shown by the article on "White Coal" elsewhere in this issue, have similar undeveloped resources of inestimable value.

THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN

A British expedition started last May with the intention of scaling the almost inaccessible height of Mount Everest. It has been doubtful from the first whether the attempt could be pushed to final success this year. There have been reports lately that camps would be established and routes of advance determined this summer and that the final attempt would be postponed until the following summer season. Elsewhere in this issue are photographs and an article relating to this subject.

The difficulty of the attempt is not so much in the height of Mount Everest as in its situation. It lies beyond and behind an array of almost equally lofty and difficult mountains, and from no direction is there anything like direct access to the slopes of Mount Everest itself. The British expedition, according to reports in the London "Times," traveled a hundred and thirty miles from its starting-point, Darjeeling, and was then still a hundred and twenty miles from the point where the high camp is to be pitched to serve as a new starting-point in the final attempt. The height of 23,000 feet was reached last year in a preliminary expedition.

One result of the final conquest of the ramparts of Mount Everest will be the determination of its exact height. This is usually given as 29,000 feet. There are at least six other peaks in the Himalayas which exceed 25,000 feet, and several hundred peaks that exceed 20,000 feet in altitude.

MR. HARDING AND MR. HAYS

The Republican Administration has been six months in power.

It has put on the statute-books some measures relating to important subjects—acts relating to the budget, cable landing, farm credits, anti-gambling, packers, immigration, and the Veterans' Bureau.

It has brought about a formal declaration of peace with Germany, Austria, and Hungary.

Best of all, it has reduced Federal expenditures to a substantial sum below the total expenditures for the preceding fiscal year. In this the executive and legislative departments have moved hand in hand. In his just published letter to Senator McCormick the President emphasizes this reduction as worth all the rest of the Administration's accomplishments put together.

Looking to the future, he might also emphasize a proper tax bill as worth all the rest of uncompleted legislation put together. He realizes that necessity of course. For an address at Cleveland the other day by Postmaster-General Hays contained this statement of the Administration's position:

> Taxes which destroy the initiative and earning power of both labor and wealth must be removed.
>
> The excess profits tax must be repealed and the higher rates on incomes . . . must be reduced . . . in order that reserves may be created for the resumption and stimulation of industry and commerce. . . .
>
> I express the hope *and expectation*

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> that soon we shall be able to change our system of taxation so as to raise less of our revenue through burdensome income taxes and more of it through some other form of direct tax on the production or consumption of goods.

The President has had good success with Congress. His direct personal influence prevented it from passing an unwise bonus bill and from passing an unwise tariff on oil. His hope, as expressed in his letter, is that Congress shall before its regular session pass needed legislation for tax relief and railway relief. We confidently count upon a display of energy in these directions by Congress when it reassembles after the present recess.

THE SAMOAN MANDATE

VISCOUNT BRYCE in his lectures before the Political Institute at Williamstown has justified the high respect and regard Americans in general have for him as a publicist and statesman who is always more anxious to see the truth and justice of a certain contention than to uphold a particular view, even though that view may be the popular one. In his criticisms of the Treaty of Versailles in a recent lecture he made this statement in regard to the treaties which were the immediate outgrowth of that Treaty:

> One censure justly passed on those who made the treaties is that in many cases they did not do what could have been done and ought to have been done to draw just boundaries and to ascertain the wishes of the populations concerned.

This remark by Lord Bryce, applied to the Tyrol and other dispositions of territories and mandates, finds another illustration of its truth in the news from Samoa, the mandate for which was assigned to New Zealand without so much as remarking "By your leave" to the inhabitants. And now the Samoans are reported as dissatisfied and are asking to have the mandate transferred to the British Empire instead. Their chief reason, it is said, for asking this transference is that New Zealand is "dry" and is establishing a "dry" régime in Samoa, while Great Britain as an Empire is "wet," though it permits different parts of its dominions to go "dry" if they prefer.

The complaint of the Samoans emphasizes one of the reasons why Great Britain has been so successful in colonization and has become the greatest colonizing power in the world. She has under her rule millions of Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucians, and followers of other religions including Christianity, yet allows religious freedom to all alike. Some of her subjects are "dry" as a matter of religion, while others exercise their liberty to drink wine under proper government regulations. As a result, the Empire as a whole is undoubtedly better qualified to administer a mandate without unnecessary friction with the customs and religions of the inhabitants than New Zealand, for instance, which has certain laws and insists upon her mandate subjects complying with them. The question raised is an interesting one, and its solution will not be without significance to other mandate countries and people.

MR. ROOT AND THE WORLD COURT

BOTH houses of the League of Nations are in session at Geneva. The upper house, known as the Council, and consisting of delegates from the Great Powers, meets frequently. The lower house, consisting of delegates from fifty-four nations, has met but once previously.

The outstanding task at Geneva is to establish an International Court of Justice now that more than the necessary number (24) of ratifications of the project to establish it have been received. The project was drafted in the summer of 1920 by an Advisory Committee of Jurists, appointed by the Council, as authorized by Article XIV of the League Charter. On this Committee Elihu Root, American ex-Secretary of State, was invited to be a member. He proved to be the most influential of all the members. His plan for the Court was adopted by the others and is now to be definitely established.

Under this plan the Powers may nominate judges for the Court, and it is not surprising to learn that a large number of States have nominated Mr. Root—indeed, so many that he has been regarded as the logical candidate for the Chief Justice of the Court. Mr. Root, while not insensible of this honor, feels that the office should go to a younger man. Among other nominations are those of the Americans John Bassett Moore, Roscoe Pound, and James Brown Scott; the Englishmen Lords Finlay and Phillimore; and ex-President Poincaré, of France. The nominations are to come before the Council and the Assembly. This system will have the advantage of overcoming the fear the small countries entertain towards the big countries and the fear of the big countries lest they be overwhelmed by numerical superiority of the small countries.

Mr. Root's solution followed the solution of the problem that faced this country when our Constitution was framed. The big States and small States obtained equal representation in the Senate and proportionate representation in the House.

THE LEAGUE STRIKES A SNAG

THE most striking occurrence in the Assembly has been the hubbub over that ever-recurrent matter, the Tacna-Arica dispute. These provinces, on the Pacific coast of South America, are valuable because of their nitrate deposits. One of these provinces once belonged to Bolivia. She laid an export duty on the saltpeter made from the nitrates. This affected unfavorably the Chilean interests in the province and Chile protested. Chile also protested against the Peruvian proposition for a Government monopoly of Peruvian nitrate deposits. Then Chile went to war and invaded the nitrate provinces. She won the war, and a drastic treaty of peace shut out Bolivia from the coast.

One of Woodrow Wilson's contentions has been that every country ought to have access to the sea. Perhaps he was thinking of Bolivia. At all events, the shutting out of Bolivia from the sea has made a South American Alsace-Lorraine of the two provinces. The situation is a continual menace to the peace of the western coast. While the economic situation is not as bad for Bolivia as it might seem, the nation is constantly annoyed by the remembrance of its former commercial and strategic independence. Bolivia therefore proposed that the Assembly take up the matter, acting under Article XIX of the League Charter. The Article reads as follows:

> The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable, and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.

The Chilean representative thereupon declared that in the case of the League's consideration of the treaty Chile would withdraw from membership.

It may be remembered that a year ago Argentina withdrew from the Assembly. The League cannot afford to have too many such experiences. And yet if the League is to prove its worth it must deal with hotly contentious subjects.

THE PEACE PORTAL

THOUSANDS of persons witnessed the dedication on September 6 of the American-Canadian Peace Portal.

It spans the Pacific Highway at its intersection with the boundary between the United States and Canada. The Pacific Highway runs two thousand miles north and south from Vancouver, British Columbia, to Tia Juana, Lower California.

The Treaty of Ghent, signed in 1814, marked the close of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain. Since then there has been a century and more of peace. At the close of the cen-

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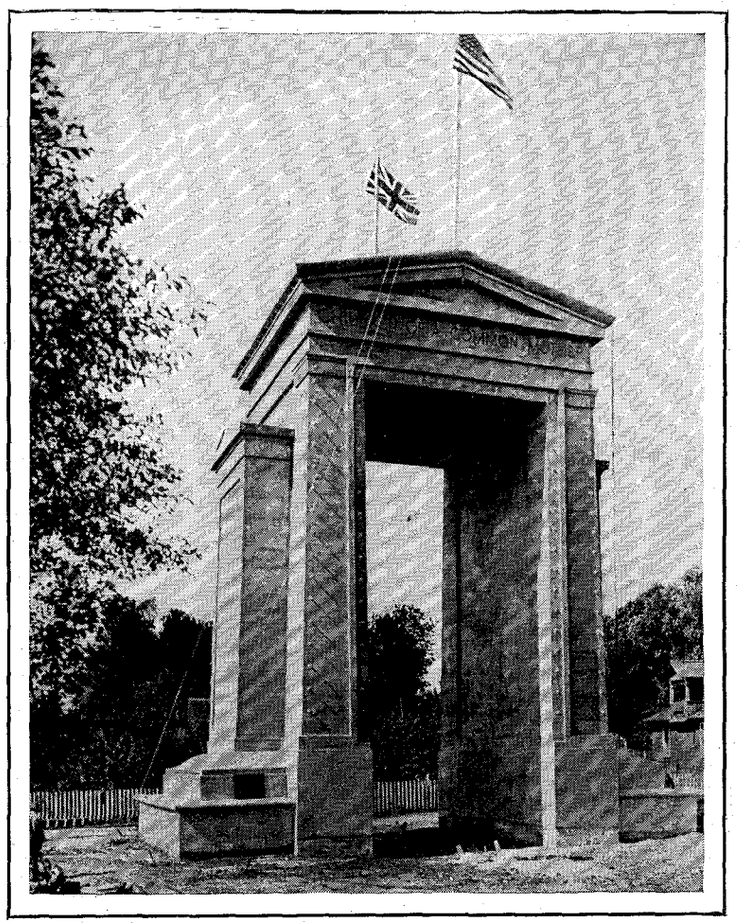
tury several memorials were proposed. One, this Peace Portal, has now been completed.

It stands in the center of a five-acre international park, half of which has been donated by the province of British Columbia and half by the town of Blaine, in the State of Washington.

The Portal is fifty-four feet high. It is a Doric arch of steel and cement. On the southern side is inscribed this legend: "Children of a common mother," and, on the northern, "Brethren dwelling together in unity." On the interior of the arch one reads, as commemorative of the past, "Open for one hundred years," and, in hope of the future, "May these doors never be closed." At the dedication there was placed within the Portal a fragment of the Mayflower and a fragment of the old Hudson Bay "Beaver," the first steel vessel to enter the Pacific Ocean.

Last year some 150,000 persons passed this point on the Pacific Highway. The significance of this memorial to international comity will, we believe, not be lost upon the increasing thousands who every year will pass under the Portal.



Underwood

THE AMERICAN-CANADIAN PEACE PORTAL

Half of this arch rests on American soil, at Blaine, Washington, and half on Canadian soil, in British Columbia. Note the flags—the Union Jack and the Star-Spangled Banner, and the inscription, "Children of a Common Mother"

THE DIGNITY OF THE BENCH

SEVERAL months ago Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis accepted the offer of the two major professional baseball leagues to act as National Commissioner of Baseball, with a salary of $42,500, which represents the $50,000 offered him by the baseball magnates less the $7,500 which he receives as a United States judge. The Outlook then pointed out that this proposal as regards a judicial officer of dignity and importance was open to justifiable criticism. At that time we remarked that, even though Judge Landis himself might feel confident that he could carry on the two functions involved without detriment to the value of his work as a judge, still the knowledge that his interest was thus divided would shake public confidence in his judicial single-mindedness.

At a later date Congress took up the subject and it was proposed to impeach Judge Landis. Such a course would hardly meet the case, and it has been, we understand, abandoned. A much better way of meeting the difficulty would be to pass a bill introduced in the last Congress forbidding judges of the United States courts from receiving pay from private sources. We think that the public and the legal profession would indorse such a statute. In the future the prohibition of the double function of judges would be clearly laid down, and we should not have such a remarkable situation, to say the least, as that of a judge receiving six times as much from private corporations (for the baseball leagues are corporations) for his private services as arbitrator as he is receiving as the head of an important Federal court.

The American Bar Association in its recent meeting at Cincinnati pronounced with almost cruel vigor against what it termed private employment and private emolument by judges on the bench. The resolution offered by the Bar Association stated its "unqualified condemnation" of the conduct of Judge Landis in this instance as being "unworthy of the office of judge, derogatory to the dignity of the bench, and undermining public confidence in the independence of the judiciary." The only opposition to this drastic resolution seems to have been from those who thought Judge Landis should have had an opportunity of replying to the attack involved.

The public generally will agree with ex-Senator James Hamilton Lewis in holding that the action of the Bar Association does not contemplate an attack upon the probity or character of Judge Landis. What the resolution does is to voice distinctly and emphatically the sentiment of the legal profession that the sanctity and dignity of the bench of our higher courts would be in danger if the example set in this case should be generally followed.

AUSTIN DOBSON

NOT of the great succession was Austin Dobson, yet his contribution to English prose and English poetry is one of which any man might be proud.

Most artists whose methods are archaistic and whose thoughts dwell on other eras than their own fail in their endeavor to recreate the reality of the period to which their minds are attuned. Unable to revivify the past, they succeed in bringing nothing to the life of the present.

Such was not the fate of Austin Dobson. Through him the eighteenth century lived again in the nineteenth and twentieth. His work was not an imitation of the period which he admired, but was in fact a reincarnation of its spirit.

Perhaps in the field of poetry his

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greatest contribution lies in his proof of the flexibility of our tongue. It would be well for some of the modern poets who complain of the hampering bounds of rhyme and rhythm to renew their acquaintance with the verse of this carver of peach-stones and worker in ivory. The English language is as delicate an instrument as the language of Villon and Theodore de Banville. We may not want to use this instrument as Dobson used it, but his verse is all the proof that is needed that complaints concerning the flexibility of our speech and demands for freedom from the restraints of rhyme and rhythm only react to the discredit of the craftsmanship of those who complain and demand.

Poetry has more heroic possibilities than are evidenced in the verse of Austin Dobson, but it will be a sorry day for the world when the house of poetry does not contain at least one room set apart for verse written in the spirit defined in his "Ballad of Prose and Rhyme."

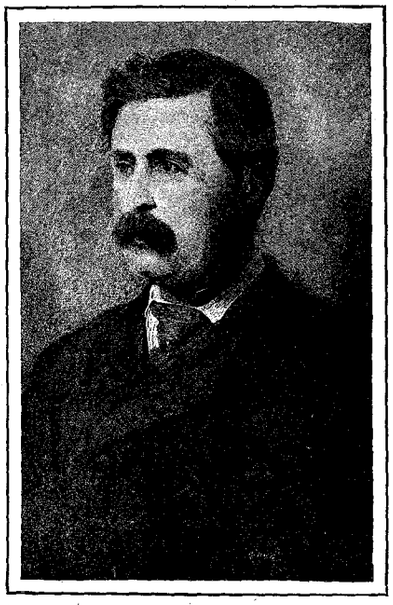
When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,
In November fogs, in December snows,
When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
And the jasmine-stars at the casement climb,
And a Rosalind-face at the lattice shows,
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,
When the reason stands on its squarest toes,
When the mind (like a beard) has a "formal cut,"—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
And the young year draws to the "golden prime,"
And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose,—
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts have a pedant-strut,
In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "Noes,"
In a starched procession of "If" and "But,"—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a soft glance softer grows
And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,
And the secret is told "that no one knows,"—
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

ENVOY

In the work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!



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AUSTIN DOBSON

DEGENERATE ART

ON September 6 an anonymous circular appeared condemning the summer exhibition of paintings in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City. The exhibition was opened on May 2, to remain open until September 15. The circular was the first intimation received by the Museum of any protest against the exhibition.

It seems strange that protestants should remain silent for four months and then publish their protest unsigned.

Last April the Museum, through Mr. Bryson Burroughs, its curator of paintings, announced that, in response to a wide general interest in the development of so-called post-impressionism, "and to a particular request of a group of collectors and artists who wish to see these modern pictures in comparison with others *of accepted standards*, the coming exhibition has been undertaken."

Accordingly, on one side of the long gallery assigned to the exhibition the works of the recognized masters of impressionism were hung; on the other side the works of the post-impressionists.

Among the first the visitor found the works of Claude Monet. His landscape called "Impressions," sent in 1860 to the Paris Salon, started the whole impressionistic movement. This famous picture was conceived according to a new technique. Instead of fixed color, it revealed a host of subtle variations of atmospheric light, emphasizing the color imparted to objects by the reflections from the sky and atmosphere.

There is all the difference in the world between the canvases of Monet and his followers and those of the degenerates of to-day on the opposite wall. As the protest intimates, such pictures as these are produced in every insane asylum. The canvases of the post-impressionists may be interesting to psychologists. They are hardly so to sane artists.

At first the alleged discoveries of the post-impressionists in æsthetic symbolism were looked upon as a kind of joke. But their degradation of art is getting beyond that. As the protestants say concerning insanity in art:

> The symptoms of this mania can be detected in two directions. One is a deterioration of the optic nerve, whereby all values and proportions are transposed. An artist so affected will represent the lines in architecture, in tables, chairs, and interiors, as if radiating from the center of vision, instead of converging at the vanishing point on the distant horizon. Thus the principle of perspective is completely reversed, and the vanishing point is in the eye of the spectator instead of on the horizon. This peculiar type of visual derangement has been noted and explained by some alienists of the first rank. Their diagnosis has been confirmed by examples of the drawings of insane people, in asylums, which are identical, in respect of visual derangement, with pictures exhibited in the Society of Independent Artists, also by some of those in the present exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum.

Impressionists, pure and simple, are concerned with recording impressions of light and color. Post-impressionists are not so concerned. The only connection between the two groups appears to be that of Manet—not Monet—and Cézanne. In Manet's earlier period he tried to get rid of light and shade, but later changed this severe style for one which should reflect nature's constantly shifting aspects, and thus became an impressionist. Cézanne exaggerated Manet's earlier style and was followed by younger artists like Gauguin, Van Gogh, and others, with strange results. Their works were referred to in The Outlook's description of the exhibition some months ago as being abnormal, primitive, and perversely savage. The extremists, like Matisse and Picasso, who have followed these men, would apparently deprive the human figure of all appearance of nature. Their work makes even the untutored critic exclaim, "Why not give them a year of drawing lessons?"

Their work is not only unlearned, it is perverse. Reason is left out. There is no record of what these men really

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see, but rather of what their diseased imaginations fancy. As showing either mental or moral eclipse, the circular notes certain canvases, describing them as vulgar in subject and corrupt in drawing.

Finally, the circular calls attention to a precaution which the directors of other galleries with similar intention would do well to heed:

> It is understandable that the Museum should decide, in the interest of public enlightenment, to lend its galleries for the exhibition of such art monstrosities [the circular spells the word "monstrosities" with a "c," which certainly makes it seem much more menacing!] in order to give the public an opportunity to see and ponder over specimens of so-called "art." . . . But, when they do lend the galleries for this purpose of opening the eyes of our citizens, they should publicly state that purpose, and disclaim all intention of lending the prestige of the Museum in support of the propaganda for Bolshevistic art.

The circular continues:

> Bolshevist propaganda aims to overthrow and destroy all existing social systems, including that of the arts. . . . The triumph of Bolshevism therefore means the destruction of the present æsthetic system, the transposition of all æsthetic values, and the deification of ugliness. The philosophy of Bolshevism . . . is the gospel of mental impotence, sweeping away all standards of discipline and training necessary to the equipment of capable men as well as of artists.

Of course the Museum never gave tacit support to Bolshevism, and it did state its own educational purpose. But as regards the perverse feature of the exhibit, it is easy to see why the protestants maintain that there is a limit beyond which the public exhibition of "awful examples" should not go.

WHAT THE FRENCH STATESMEN HAVE TO SAY ABOUT DISARMAMENT

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

EDITOR OF "LE MATIN," PARIS

I HAVE made known to you to the best of my ability what the feeling of French public opinion was regarding the question of disarmament. I do not think I can do better to-day than to give you the opinion of the principal French statesmen concerning this disarmament.

M. René Viviani, who may go to Washington in November as France's first delegate, makes the following statement:

"It goes without saying that France has an opinion on disarmament. She cannot accept as satisfactory a situation which would prove to be illusory. She was unable, after a victory whose noble artisan she was, to recover the frontiers of the Revolution; she has not been able to free herself from her exterior debt contracted for her defense; she has not been paid.

"If at this new assembly of Governments she were to meet only with fresh illusions, what would then become of her? In the world disarmament depends on the mentality of peoples. No technical control whatsoever will prevail over a warlike people, a prey to the idea of revenge. Alone the moral force of all the Powers brought to bear upon Germany can lead her towards the new idea. Therefore all the nations who are called to Washington must undertake to take charge of the disarmament of Germany. Nothing can be possible without this."

M. Raymond Poincaré says:

"No nation can disarm unless it has a guaranty that its disarmament will not be the pretext for being attacked. Would America consent to reduce her fleet if Japan and England refused to consent to the reduction of theirs? If France has to reduce her army, the dangers to which she still believes herself to be exposed must also be reduced.

"And, furthermore, France in Europe has not only herself to think of, she has to think of all the small nations, her friends and allies, who form the new Europe of to-day. If she is to reduce her army, the dangers to which all the small nations are exposed, be it from the part of Germany or from the part of Russia, must likewise be reduced."

But the most interesting impression which I gathered is that of M. Léon Bourgeois, who for twenty years has been the apostle of international disarmament.

M. Léon Bourgeois, President of the Senate, representing France at the League of Nations, said to me:

"All my life I have advised and defended the principle of the limitation of armaments. I defended it at The Hague, where I was faced by Germany, who replied: 'Necessity knows no law.' I defended it in Paris in 1919, where, to my great grief, I was up against our English and American friends. When, at the time of the discussion of the Covenant, I said to them: 'If you desire to limit the armaments of the whole world, we must, whether we wish it or not, organize the control of such armaments. Without so doing, the nations who act in bad faith will not keep their agreements. The verification of armaments is indispensable in order to avoid the secret production of arms and munitions.' To this our English and American friends replied:

"'No, no nation will ever consent to permit foreigners to control her armaments.'

"One day, on April 28, 1919, after three months of discussion, I ended by handing in a proposition conceived as follows:

"'The high contracting parties, resolved to give each other a full mutual knowledge of the limit of their armaments and of their military and naval programmes, as well as of the conditions of their industry, will constitute a commission charged with the necessary verifications.'

"The proposition was discussed at length and finally went to vote. My proposition received only just three votes: the two votes of France and that of Czechoslovakia. There were twelve votes against my three, among which were the votes of America, England, and Japan. . . . I have not changed my opinion. I ardently desire that at Washington be accomplished what succeeded neither at The Hague nor at Paris. But the problem remains the same. If three or four of you agree to limit the armaments, be it on land or at sea, you will have to organize some kind of control whose duty it will be to verify if such limitation of armaments really takes place. Otherwise, what guaranty would the nations acting in good faith have that the contract entered into is properly executed?"

As to M. Briand, President of the Cabinet, he is naturally obliged to be very reserved. However, the other day, surrounded by his friends, he familiarly expressed the following opinion:

"It is not I, it is an American President, who gave the best definition of France when he said that she was 'the frontier of liberty.' Well, a frontier is meant to be guarded and intended to have sentinels. I am willing to reduce their number; but I must be duly guaranteed that after such a reduction of armaments the frontier will remain as well guarded."

This simple enumeration of opinions shows how complex and how difficult the problem is—at least such as it is seen in France.

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KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

AN IMPOSSIBLE AMBITION

A DESIRE to be free is an unquenchable desire; but the ambition to be independent is an impossible ambition. From the cradle to the grave, from the tramp to the millionaire, we are all of us dependents. No one is independent; no, not for a single day.

The child is born into a family. He belongs to it and it belongs to him. This man is his father; this woman is his mother; he is their child. He is dependent on them for food, clothing, shelter, education. He could not live a day were there not some one to care for him. And they are dependent on him for the only recompense which can be awarded them: the reverence, the obedience, the affection of the child now, and his service to them or to the world in the future.

The child is born into a school. Life is educative; and he is dependent on others at every stage of his life for those influences which are to equip him with intellect, conscience, and affections, and so endow him with the power to observe, to think, to feel. He is dependent on his parents for his first lessons in the use both of body and of mind, for the use of his hands and his feet, for his understanding and employment of language and for his ability to comprehend right and wrong. He goes to school and depends on living teachers to guide him in trails through forests which others have explored. He depends on the daily paper to bring him reports of what the world was doing yesterday; on books to make him acquainted with the great thoughts and the great deeds of the great thinkers and actors of past generations, who, being dead, yet speak to him. If accident has deprived him of sight and hearing, benevolence discovers some method by which the sense of touch may give him access to other minds. If cruel neglect, or more cruel tyranny, has deprived him of all human fellowship, he emerges from his solitude a Kaspar Hauser with the body of a man without even the mind of a child.

Every child is born into a State. He is dependent upon it for protection; it is dependent on him and his fellow-citizens for its existence. He can disregard its laws, but he cannot live without its protection. If in time of war he should become a pacifist and refuse to give his service to his country, if he should say in effect, "I disown the fabled agreement which I have never made to render the State service in return for the protection which the State renders to me," what would happen to him if the State should take him at his word and put upon him an unerasable mark which should say to the grocer, "You may cheat him, the courts are not open to him for redress;" to the footpad, "You may rob him, the police will not protect him;" to the firebug, "You may make a bonfire of his house, the law will not punish you"? No life insurance company would insure his life, no fire insurance company would insure his house. We are dependent every moment of our lives on the invisible protection which the State throws about its citizens.

Thus every child is born into a system of organized industry. Much has been said about the changes in human life brought about by the invention of machinery. But equally great are the changes brought about by the invention of division of labor. The bird builds a nest for its young in the tree. Civilized man converts the tree into a nest for his young. To do this one man fells the tree, another cuts it into boards, a third transports the boards to the town or village; how many men are employed thereafter in putting these boards together in even the simplest kind of modern house I do not know.

Has the reader ever considered how many hands contribute to provide our daily breakfast? Some peasants cultivated the coffee in Mexico, Porto Rico, or Brazil; some others carried it on mule-back to the nearest port; some sailors managed the ship which brought it to the United States; some truckmen carted it to warehouses, and thence through a variety of hands it was at length transferred to our kitchen and prepared for our table. Not less complicated was the process which cultivated the wheat, ground it into flour, and transported it from the Minneapolis mills to our home. Similar though simpler processes were necessary to bring us the eggs, the butter, and the milk. Into this complicated system of industry every civilized man is launched at birth; upon this complicated system of industry every civilized man is dependent for his life.

Every man is born into a workshop. It is true that he may contribute nothing to the world's industry. In that case no one will be dependent upon him, but he will be dependent upon others. Every person who does not contribute to society in some form of service as much value as he takes out of it belongs to the dependent class: rich or poor, dwelling in a palace or in a poorhouse, he is an object of the world's charity living on the unpaid industry of others. But it must never be forgotten that there are values which cannot be estimated in dollars; values which have no recognized place in the world's market. It is impossible to estimate the wealth which has been added to the world by its willing sufferers. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

In all this life of the family, the school, the State, and the industry we are dependent, not only upon each other, but also upon the Unknown Power of whose existence reason assures us, of whose nature we can learn only through companionship. This Unknown Power has stored in the prairies materials for our food, has reservoired in the lakes and rivers water for our use, has equipped the world with minerals and forests for our tools and our habitations, has created for our warmth a furnace whose blazing fires we did not kindle, and has enveloped our world with a gas which we did not generate, but which is necessary for our existence. On values which we did not produce, but have inherited as a free gift, not only our happiness but our very existence depends.

And for most of these varied services which we receive through the family, through society, through the State, through the world's industry, and through nature, we can make no payment. Can you pay the peasants of Porto Rico for your morning coffee, or the farmers of Minnesota for your morning bread? Can you pay Shakespeare for his contribution to your literature, or Macaulay for his contribution to your history? Can you pay Stephenson for the railways, or Fulton for the steamboats? The first battles for our freedom were fought centuries ago on English soil by English soldiers. Can you vote a bonus to them? Money is what the political economists call it—a "medium of exchange." It is the best contrivance yet discovered for facilitating this universal exchange of services; but it fulfills that function very imperfectly. It pays Jack Dempsey an incredible sum for a service of very doubtful value, and it leaves Millet to spend his life in poverty and gives the buyers of his pictures high prices for the service they have rendered by appreciating his work and storing it up for the enjoyment of future generations.

Independence does not exist. The ambition expressed in such phrases as, "I am going to live my own life," "I am not going to be dependent on anybody," "I can take care of myself," is, however expressed, an impossible ambition. Whether we will or no, we are all parts of a great social organism. How to secure individual liberty in an organism in which every part is dependent upon the other parts is a perpetual problem of life. This is the problem which the parent must solve if he would have a happy family, the teacher must solve if he would have a successful school, the State must solve if it would have contented citizens, the employer must solve if he would have an efficient industry, and mankind, in all their various relations with one another and with the Great King, must solve if they would make this a happy, a peaceful, and a useful world.

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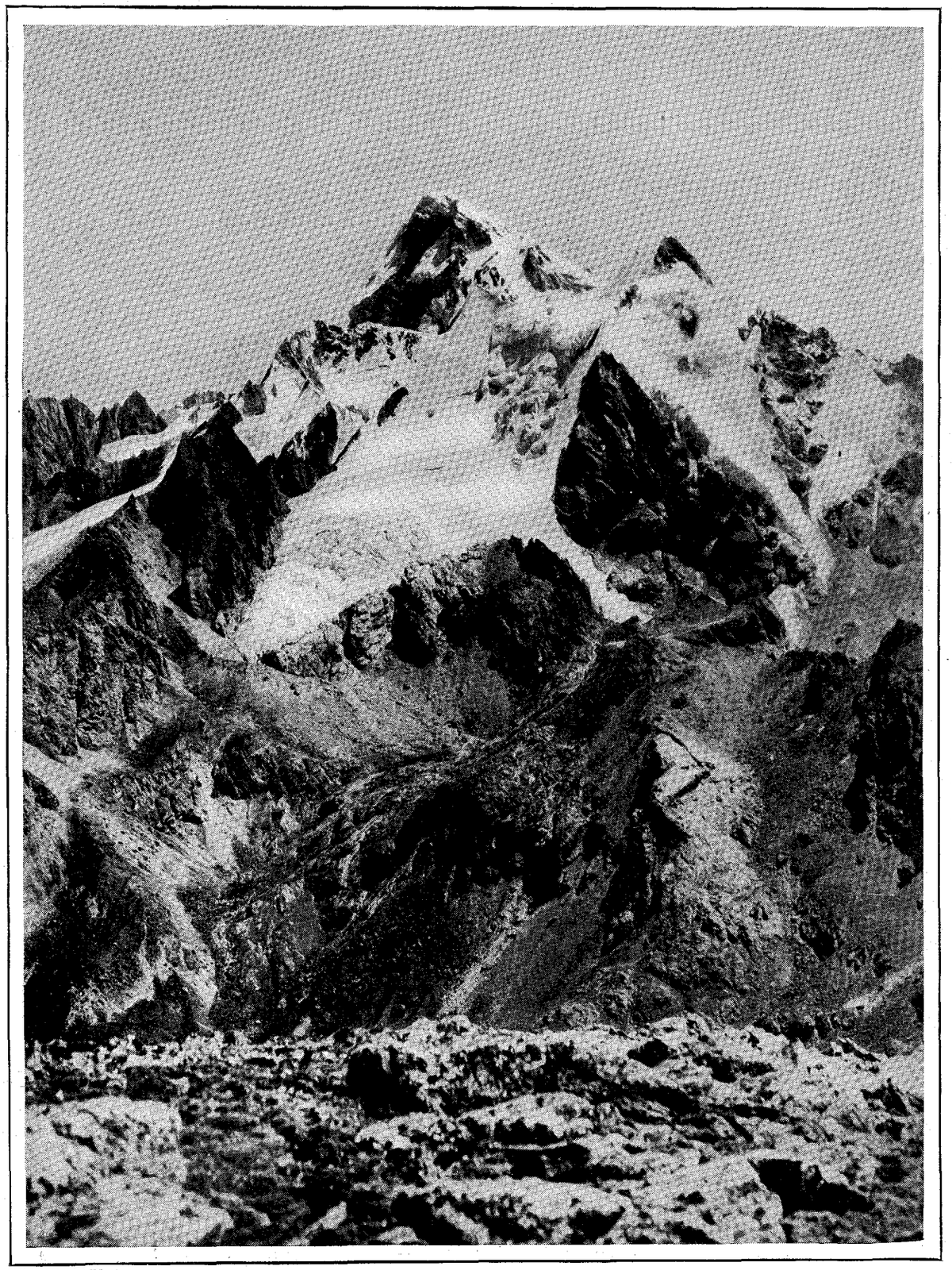
ON THE WAY TO THE

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE



Wide World Photos

A CHARACTERISTIC PEAK IN THE HIMALAYA RANGE

This view of Chomolhari Peak was taken from the south, from another mountain, 17,500 feet high, near Phari

See editorial comment and the

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TOP O' THE WORLD

MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION

Wide World Photos

MEMBERS OF THE MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION

Major Morshead of the expedition with Gugar Sing, representative of Indian Colonies in the expedition, taking plane tables at a height of 17,000 feet

Wide World Photos

THE YAKS, THE TIBETAN "SHIPS OF THE DESERT," USED IN CARRYING SUPPLIES IN THE FIRST STAGES OF THE EXPEDITION

article "Top O' The World"

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TOP O' THE WORLD

BY WALLACE HUTCHINSON

"TOP o' the World?" said the ranger, pointing to a near-by mountain-peak. "Top o' nothin'! Just an ordinary hill with a flossy name to attract tourists. Say, I wonder where the real top of the world is, and what it looks like?"

"Nothing much—kind of disappointing in fact. It's in the Himalayas of Asia; Mount Everest it's called. I'll tell you about it as we ride, if you like. I saw it once."

Three days in Calcutta, India, and nothing to do except to wait for a wire from the Conservator of Forests, who was off in the *rukh*. I tried a cricket match, and went to sleep on the grass watching it.

In despair, I went to the Forest Service Office. "What's worth seeing around here, besides temples?" I inquired of a lank individual copying letters in longhand. He looked at me nonplused; then his face brightened.

"Ever seen the Himalayas? No! Well, they're rather decent, you know. Three days for the trip. Take the night train for Darjeeling, and—" But I was already on my way.

A night on the sleeper; hot it was, too. Then breakfast on the boat as we crossed the Ganges; a change of trains, and we were off again with a roar and rattle. In the afternoon we quit the "Pullman" for a funny little railway that took up the task of carrying us onward and upward. "Funny" is right. It was a "slim gauge" line, with a miniature engine and cars a foot off the ground, seating four people only, inclosed in canvas curtains. For a while the "dinkey" pulled us; then a switchback, and it took to pushing. Through paddy-fields we went, past swarming villages, and then into the cool, moist tropical forest. Here a tea plantation of our friend Thomas L.; there a logging chance, with trees such as we love at home and dream about "east of Suez." Up! Up! Always up—till the clouds closed down about us and made the silent woods a land of specters.

Darjeeling! "A city set upon a hill," close to the border of Tibet—ever interesting, and one of the unique spots on the globe.

"Where do I get a *'gharri* for the hotel?" I inquired.

"*Sahib*, there are no roads here for carriages. You must either ride in the wheelbarrow or on a horse."

I walked. It wasn't far, and the experience of wandering through a city with only bridle paths for streets was worth something.

The hotel was clammy and damp. Around a flickering open fire huddled a few hardy sight-seeing souls—a big-game *shikari*, two priests who had given their lives to educating these strange people, and a *memsahib* (very English). Greetings of a formal nature were exchanged.

"Where do you see Mount Everest?" I asked. "That's the top of the world, isn't it?"

"You can see it from Tiger Hill, seven miles by horse," answered one of the men.

"Well, I guess I'll see it to-morrow!"

"Really!" exclaimed the lady. "How extraordinary! I have been here three weeks and to the Hill five times and haven't seen it yet, you know—all on account of the beastly fog."

"Better come along to-morrow. I've only got a day here, and I'm going to see that mountain!"

"Br-r-r-r!" The air was cold next morning, or was it still night? I was too sleepy to notice.

We rode in the dark and mist those long miles, silently following the native guide. They were all there, the other folks. I knew they would be.

Here at last was the bungalow on top of Tiger Hill, with a hot breakfast and steaming coffee waiting. We ate hastily. It was still dark.

Daybreak! "What is that dark, looming object across the great valley?"

"Patience, *Sahib!* You will see it soon. It is the mother of mountains. No, *Sahib*, it is not Mount Everest."

The first rays of the rising sun pierced the mists.

"Oh!" I cried, "Oh! Tell me what mountain it is?"

"That," said the father, reverently removing his cap, "that, my son, is Kunchinjunga, one of the highest peaks in the world, and the most beautiful."

I, too, took off my hat. There was something so infinitely sublime in that scene you just couldn't help it.

Five jagged peaks, after the Tibetan name for the mountain which means "a hand upstretched," towering 28,225 feet above the frontier of that land of mystery. Capped with glittering ice and snow, untrodden by man or beast, scintillating in the first blush of the tropical day, it seemed the very gateway to heaven.

"Look, Mount Everest!" exclaimed the lady who had been gazing afar with the glasses.

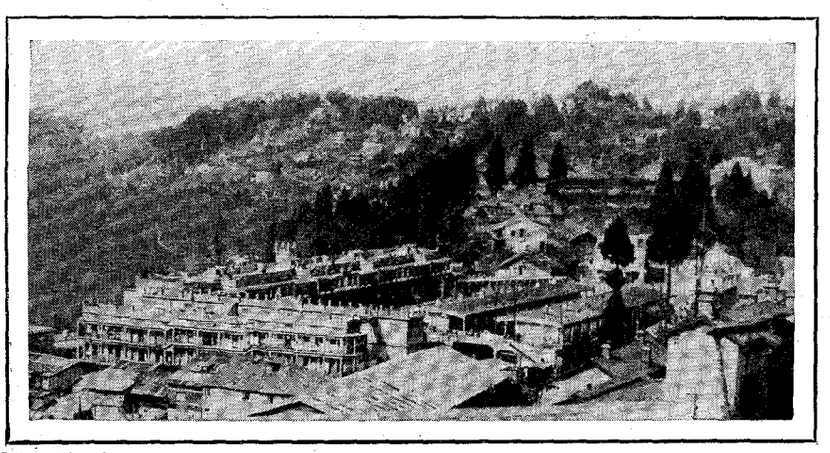
There it was, clear in the morning light, but almost a hundred miles away—so far that it seemed even lower than the neighboring peaks. A rounded dome of everlasting white, unpretentious, disappointing perhaps, but nevertheless the highest mountain in the world—29,000 feet in altitude. No white man has ever approached within fifty miles of its base, for it lies in that almost unknown land of Tibet.

That is the *real* Top o' the World!

We rode home as silently as we came.

Even now I can close my eyes and see those mountains—endless, jagged, snow-capped beacons of the Himalayas, the most glorious range in the world. And from the fancied scene stands forth that masterpiece of God's handiwork—Kunchinjunga.

And there also lingers in memory those farewell words of the English *memsahib:* "Most extraordinary, the luck of you Americans."



International

DARJEELING, INDIA—"A CITY SET UPON A HILL"

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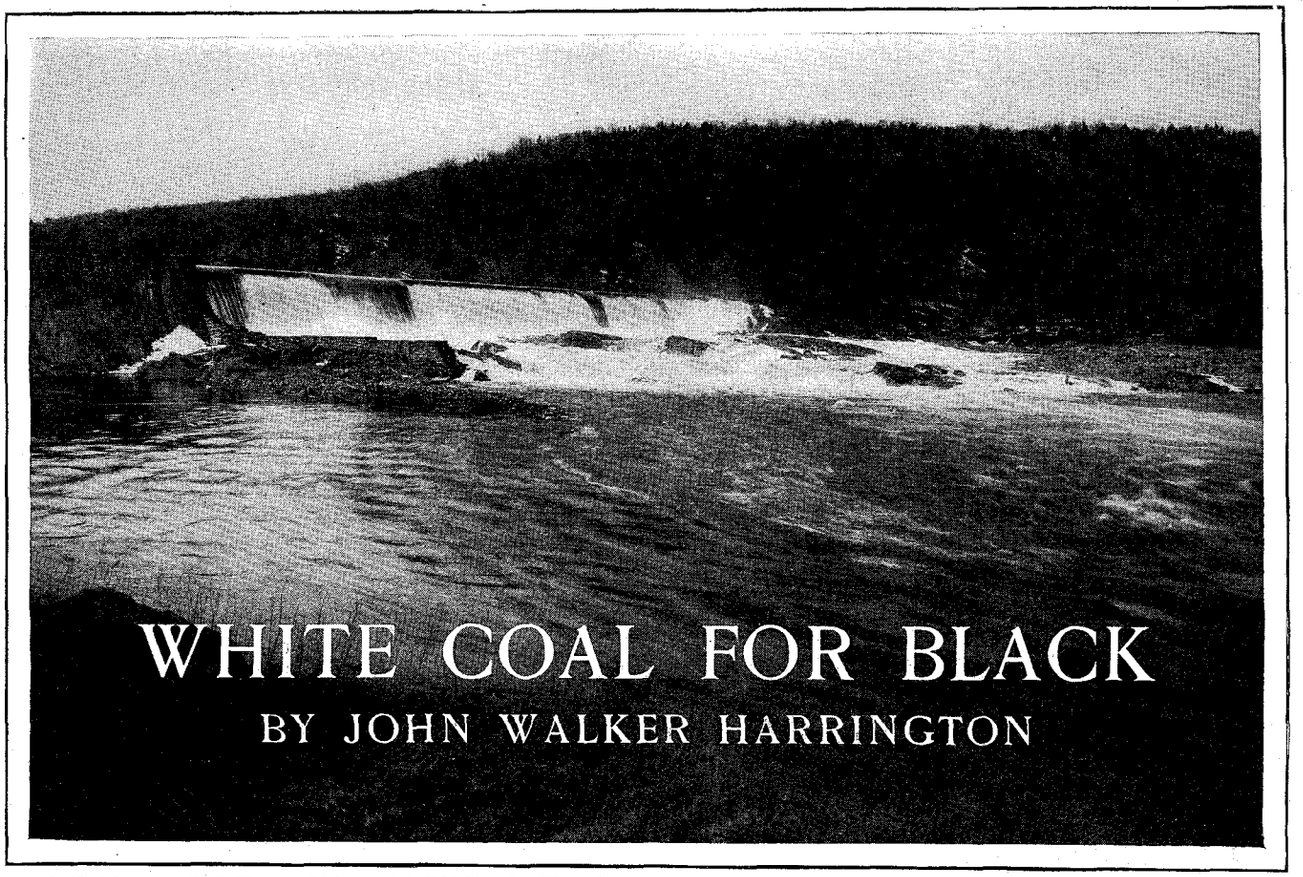

WHITE COAL FOR BLACK

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON

HUDSON RIVER AT SPIER FALLS (35,000 HORSE-POWER)

WHITE coal! Shall we change our black diamonds for it one of these days? Already we are hearing the cry like that which came to Aladdin in the narrow streets of a city of Cathay—the call to exchange old lamps for new.

In some parts of the country the day is already come, with its dustless, noiseless, clinkerless source of light and heat and power. White coal is made in the roar of the cataract and the whirl of the rapids, in the sure flow of the river, and in the ceaseless beat of the waves. It is the power of the waters harnessed to do the bidding of mortals. Electra waves over it her magic wand, while Iris bends above it the prismatic bow.

One of the French kings looked forward to the day when every peasant should have a chicken in his pot, as a sign of a great national prosperity. If the dreams of those who would see the vision of white coal come true, every farmer can hitch his saw or his threshing-machine to the pulsing current, and every cobbler tame half a horse-power to stand ready for work at his bench. The housewife, when that era comes, could do her churning, run the washing-machine, or rock the cradle with the aid of the madcap torrent.

There is much hope for the future to be drawn from the labors of the Super Power Survey, carried through by engineers working under the authority of the United States Geological Survey, which came to a close on July 1, 1921. The reports which are to be given out for publication this September will undoubtedly go far to bringing to the American people the advantages of the coal which is drawn from spume and foam by the spinning turbine.

Already the coal measures of the United States are feeling the drain of many years of continuous mining, and we cannot waste with prodigal hands the black oil which has gushed from the rocks for decades. The fuel supply is dwindling; the gasoline tanks are growing fewer and the time of reckoning with the extravagance of the past is drawing nigh.

The investigations of the Super Power Survey, although they are confined to only five per cent of the area of the country, are vitally significant, for they cover a region in which there is an insistent demand for the force which drives the trains, the dynamos of the public utility systems, and the belts of thousands of factories.

This territory extends from Washington to Boston, and about one hundred and fifty miles back from the Atlantic seaboard. In it are parts of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. Industrially the region has a machine capacity of 17,000,000 horse-power, of which 10,000,000 could be employed for the plants and the balance utilized in supplanting the coal-eating iron horse of the railways. The existing horse-power could be made three or four times as efficient, in all probability. Even counting coal at its lowest price, as it comes from the mouth of the pit, a saving of at least $150,000,000 a year could be made under the present conditions.

"In the reduced cost of the upkeep of machinery," says W. S. Murray, of the "Survey," "and of the saving of train miles by the railways, economies mounting to another $150,000,000 could be made, thus making a total saving of $300,000,000 in this region. Not to try to stop this leakage would be to accept the slur that the National waste is enough to keep the three biggest European Powers going."

With the return of the railways to their security owners and officials, the question of, "Wherewith shall they be fed?" will be a dominant one for years to come unless it is settled by definite and decisive action, and that quickly. Despite the initial cost of installation, there are many engineers who believe that it will be absolutely necessary to electrify all the American railways. Much of the steam equipment is already obsolete, and the tracks require constant repairs. There are sections in the suburban areas about the great cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia which already have electric locomotives which are operated with economy and efficiency—even though as yet they are using power made from coal hauled long distances for the purpose of being burned. Although in the region under consideration there is far more water

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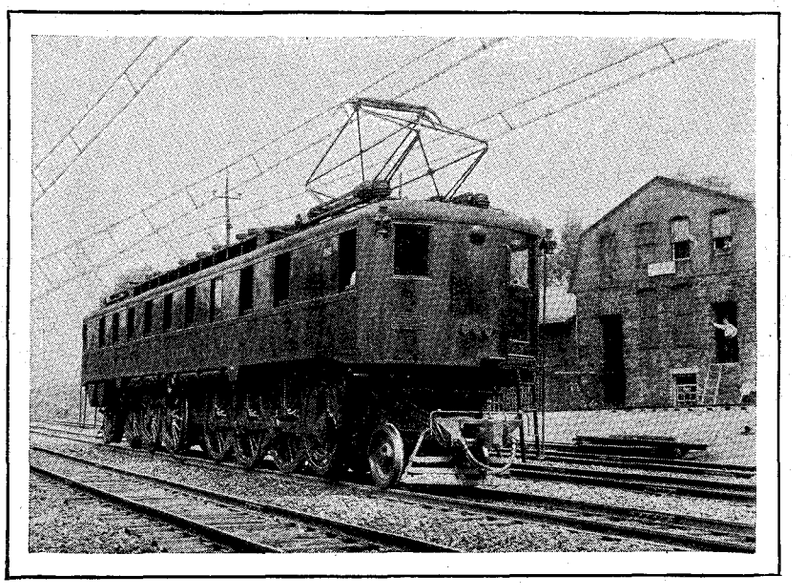
power than is commonly known, white coal for the present will have to be mixed with black.

Here is a process by no means difficult, for fuel and force of all kinds can be converted by the magic touch into one common factor, electricity. For the present, at least, the electricity generated by steam and that which comes from the water-wheel can be merged into one pulsing cable system capable of conveying it for hundreds of miles. The engineers propose the creation of a central power zone, through which the accumulated powers can be transmitted by cables as high-tension currents, to be later stepped down to meet the requirements of the consumers along the way.



THE MOST POWERFUL LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD

Baldwin-Westinghouse electric locomotive used in freight service on the Philadelphia-Paoli division by the Pennsylvania Railroad

Since such projects as this were first proposed there has been a vast development in sending electric currents long distances without loss. The leakage is only five per cent at this writing, and can be cut down to far less. Considering the enormous wastage caused by the transportation of black coal, the shipping of white coal by wire is surely no very heavy cost factor.

As shown by preliminary surveys made by the various States which are concerned in the quest for super power, there are many streams which would yield a considerable current when duly harnessed to the will of industry. In the Empire State there are extensive power sites, and, although often streams cannot be depended upon for more than nine months of the year, there are already facilities at some points for supplementing them with steam power. In some parts of the State the surplus waters of the freshet season can be impounded, and from the reservoirs the turbines will respond to the rush of the man-made cataracts. A fair regard for the possibilities of storage will enable the engineers to regulate the flow of many streams and to make the waters available for the purposes of industry for a still longer portion of the year.

The present wheel installation of the Black River, in New York State, including the Beaver and the Moose, is about 90,000 horse-power, but with the reservoirs available from the flow of these streams it is estimated that fully 266,940 horse-power can be produced. One of the sources of white coal in the Empire State would naturally be the Mohawk, which flows through a valley which for generations has been blessed with material prosperity. Here is a watershed of 3,484 square miles, a mean annual rainfall of 42 inches, and a run-off of 24 inches. It is true that through a great part of its length the stream is a part of the Barge Canal, and yet none the less there are points where the development of extensive power is possible, especially at Little Falls and Cohoes. The total installation on the Mohawk and its tributaries is estimated at 78,000 horse-power. According to the report of the Conservation Commission, the available head and storage facilities on the Mohawk watershed could be increased easily for sixty per cent of the time to 128,000 horse-power, exclusive of those powers derived from the Barge Canal.

By no means a large stream is the Raquette River, and yet this picturesque tributary of the St. Lawrence is capable of developing 139,000 horse-power for about two-thirds of the year.

In the eastern section of the United States the Hudson is indeed a father of waters, for it drains a territory of approximately 13,500 square miles, which includes parts of the States of Vermont, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, besides its own New York. The total water available with the present installation and flow is only 199,000 horse-power; the undeveloped water power is 319,000, which gives the total power available as more than half a million.

Although the St. Lawrence and the Adirondack streams—and, for that matter, Niagara Falls—are beyond the limits of this survey, they must be considered as being very close to the zone, as their surplus forces could be easily wedded in a common cable.

The question of the development of the water powers in the region covered by this Super Survey is still a mooted one, on account of the differences of opinion which exist between the Federal and the State authorities. At various points in New York State extensive storage facilities could be provided. The Portage and the Sacandaga Reservoirs, for instance, could be constructed in from three to five years, while existing reservoirs could be increased in capacity by placing flashboards at the dams and making other minor changes. The development could proceed with much regularity, however—almost automatically in the cases of streams which would require from two to three reservoirs to regulate their flow. In the course of time the smaller and the more remote streams could be developed, so that there would be no section so far away from the industrial centers but that it might have its quota of white coal turned to the service of the community.

As far as the realm of the Super Power Survey is concerned, only part of the story is told when water power is considered.

Each year the railways of the country are accustomed to haul large quantities of coal to tide-water for the purpose of creating light and heat and power. It is one of our industrial anomalies that permits the transportation of great quantities of fuel to a point where the very essence of it is extracted and sent through a wire. Why not make the wire longer and burn up the coal at the hole in the earth from which it is dug? This procedure would be adopted if the principles of the super-power engineers are accepted. We should then burn vast quantities of coal at the mouth of the mines, without all the expensive sorting and grading, and put it, dust and all, into the furnaces, there to make the steam for the running of the mighty dynamos which call into being the electric currents. A large percentage of the coal of the country is lost in feeding the locomotives which are used in hauling trundling colliers. We hear much these days of locomotive economies in firing, but for all that the average fireman is a prince of wastrels. The burning of coal under the boiler requires quick action so that high speeds may be quickly developed, and much of the good black carbon therefore rises unconsumed into the air mingled with gas still rich with fuel. Next to the average kitchen stove, which wastes about ninety-five per cent of the constituents of the coal, a locomotive is the most improvident contrivance ever made by the hand of man. When coal is burned under boilers which do not rock and sway as they are being

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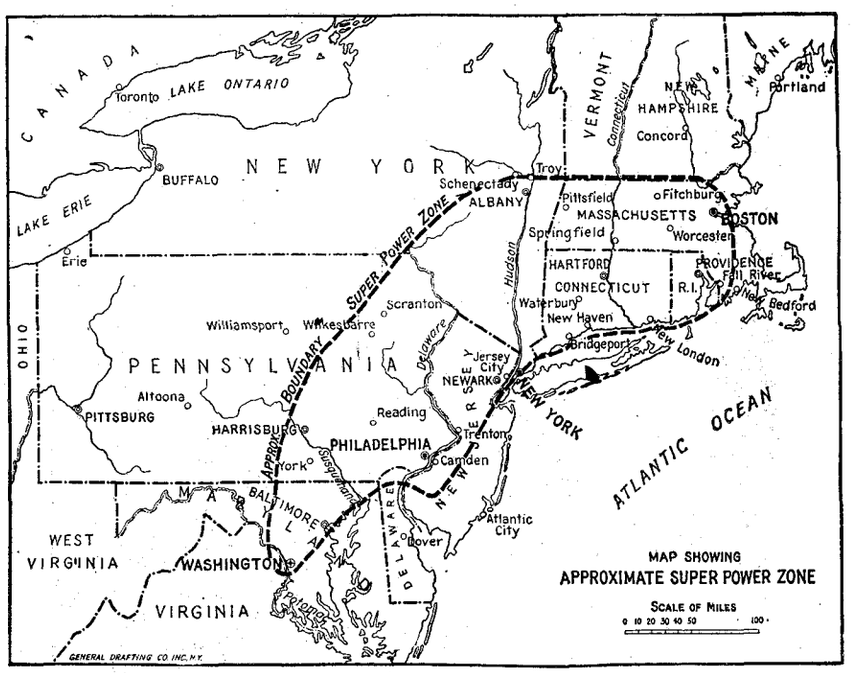


WHERE WHITE COAL MAY REPLACE BLACK

"The investigations of the Super Power Survey, although they are confined to only five per cent of the area of the country, are vitally significant, for they cover a region in which there is an insistent demand for the force which drives the trains, the dynamos of the public utility systems, and the belts of thousands of factories"

hurled over tracks at the rate of anywhere from twenty to fifty miles an hour, the consumption can be regulated, and every pound of steam can be scientifically extracted. It is only a question of time, of course, when the electric locomotive, which has done such wonderful work along the line of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, where large quantities of coal are hauled from the mines to sea-level, will have its day upon those railways which are now bringing the ebon fuel from the mines of Pennsylvania. In this instance the road is operated by electricity developed from the coal burned as it is taken from the earth. On such lines as the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul the passenger locomotives are operated by electric currents generated by the rush of the cataract at Great Falls, Montana.

Among the contributing forces to such a vast system as that which the engineers of the Super Power Survey advocate, should be considered the burning up of forest refuse and the waste from the sawmills in distant clearings. The burning wood is easily convertible into terms of volts.

Beyond the Mississippi the problem of white coal is more easily solved, for, after all, the area covered in this Super Power Survey, important as it is industrially, is a mixed one, for the two sources of heat and power must be used together for some time to come.

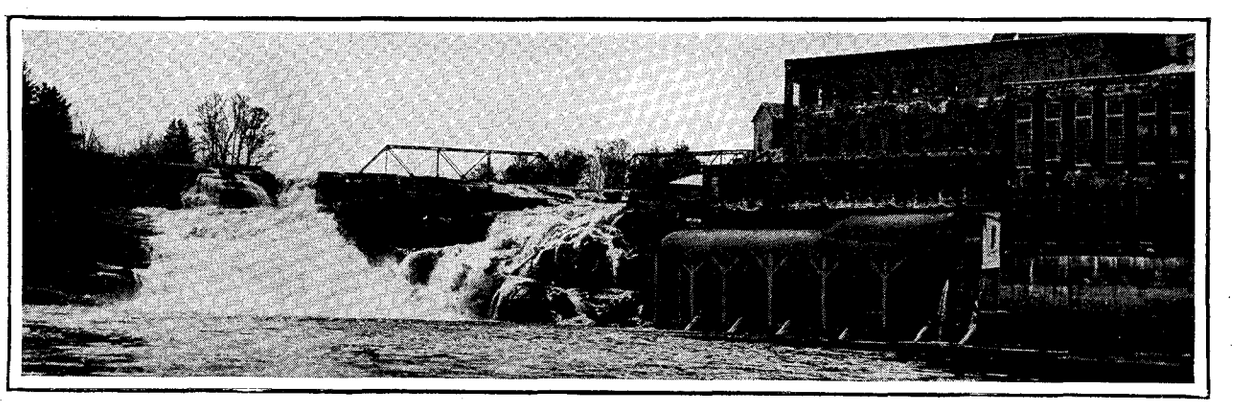
Nature has free rein in the great waterfalls and cataracts of the West, where titanic forces are geared to do the bidding of mankind. With no dependence whatever upon the coal which is black, the white variety can be utilized for all purposes. The power-houses situated at remote points can be made to feed the cities. They can cause the trolley cars to glide over the polished rails, light the home, fire the kitchen range, and run the vast machinery of trade and commerce. In many of these Western regions the water-born electricity has already become the chief servant of life.

It was only a few years ago that Sir William Crookes uttered his prophetic warning concerning the wheat lands of the world. According to his view, unless our supply of available nitrogen were increased the welfare of the race was menaced. The derivation of nitrogen in various forms from the air, for the uses of agriculture, as well as for war, has been growing apace all over the world. Norway, where there are enormous water powers, has been leading in the fixation of the atmospheric nitrogen. Only when there is an abundance of hydraulic force at hand can such an electrochemical enterprise as this be conducted successfully. So extensive are the uses of hydroelectric power, whether for the demands of a growing chemical industry, for the smelters and the furnaces or for heating and lighting or for transportation, that it is high time that white coal took its place as a greater factor in the activities of the Nation. Now that the war is well over and the railways have gone back into the hands of those who made them, electricity will have its full share in this remade world.

Other lands are not remiss in grasping the opportunities for the exploitation of their white coal. Switzerland already has borrowed $25,000,000 for the electrification of her transportation systems.

On this side of the Atlantic the South American republics are negotiating loans for the development of their immense natural water powers, while Canada, which has so little mineral fuel, is calling to her aid the energy which lurks in the foaming torrents in order that she may operate her mills, light her cities, and warm the homes of her people.

Although there is a maze of contradictory laws and regulations in which the authorities are involved in this country, the enlightened effort of those who are trying with might and main to preserve a great National asset will yet prevail. Then we shall be able to exchange, if we must, black coal for the white of the sparkling river and the foaming cataract.



BLACK RIVER AT LYONS FALLS, NEW YORK (10,000 HORSE-POWER)

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"AH, BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT BEFORE THE WAR!"

BY HAROLD E. SCARBOROUGH

"AH, but you should have seen it before the war!"

A virulent period, wherein are sung the praises of ante-bellum days, follows, I suppose, every great upheaval such as that of 1914-18. From the conversation of Englishmen of all classes one gathers that the most ardent desire of some 38,000,000 people in these islands is to turn the clock back to 1914.

Here and there one finds clearer minds recognizing that the halcyon days of *avant la guerre* will never return. There is more than a touch of pathos in the otherwise universal mourning for the seven lost years. The man in the street realizes that 1921 is profoundly different from 1914; but his longing to forget the war leads him to an etherealized conception of the years that preceded it. "Pre-war" has assumed somewhat of the adjectival connotation of "Sterling" or "A-1." Whether it be applied to whisky or conscience, clothes or taxes, "pre-war" denotes the Good Old Days which every man past forty instinctively capitalizes in his speech.

Were one to judge from reminiscences one hears on every side in England, Britain in 1914 was not far removed from the earthly paradise. An outsider seems to remember clouds of rebellion in Ulster, suffragette activity (Christobel Pankhurst is to-day telling "Why I Never Married" in the columns of a twopenny weekly), and various other disturbances. The Englishman forgets them in contemplation of the fact that safety matches used to be three-halfpence a dozen boxes, and that one could get an efficient German clerk (pronounced "clark," if you please), come over to learn English, for fifteen shillings a week.

And it was a pleasant world, this ante-bellum England. "Four hundred a year" was an assurance of comfortable means. On £400 one kept servants, sent the children to public schools and perhaps to a university, took one's summer holiday in Switzerland, patronized the opera at Covent Garden, and had a little left over to invest in Consols (bonds of the Consolidated Fund of the Exchequer) as a low-yielding but undepreciating security for the future.

But how?

Well, one paid four guineas for a suit of clothes made by the best West End tailors. (Clothes, doctors' and solicitors' fees, and house rents are estimated, by immemorial custom, in 21-shilling guineas, instead of 20-shilling pounds). One dined well for half a crown (60 cents). One paid eightpence for a taxi journey of reasonable length. Twopence (four cents) was the standard tip to a taxi driver, a railway porter, or a waiter at any except the most expensive restaurants. Fifteen shillings ($3.25) was about the limit for a pair of shoes. A penny fare would carry one a respectable distance by underground, bus, or tram.

(C) Keystone

"THE VAST SLUGGISH CURRENT OF LONDON LIFE APPARENTLY WANDERS ON MUCH AS USUAL"

The cost of living has come down quite a bit since it reached the peak figure of 176 per cent above the 1914 level last year; but according to the Government's figures it still stands at 128 per cent above the pre-war figure.

Theoretically, that means that £900 will do the work of 1914's "four hundred a year." Actually, £1,000 is nearer the correct estimate. Not all the little incidentals of life have confined themselves to the 128 per cent increase. To take the homely illustration of the safety matches: they are now a shilling a dozen boxes—eight times the pre-war figure. Where one tipped "tuppence," one cannot in dignity now give less than a shilling—percentage of increase, 600. Taxi fares are up by only 50 per cent, local transit by 75 per cent; but there are a good many things which are from 200 to 300 per cent higher than in 1914.

The "general" who before the war did the housework for £18 a year (no, fellow-Americans, that is not a misprint; $1.75 a week was the standard wage) now demands and gets £50 or more. One dines only very modestly for 5 shillings these days; and one pays from 40 to 60 shillings for the shoes that formerly cost 15. Public school and university fees have increased by leaps and bounds, and Covent Garden opera is no more, because it doesn't pay.

And Consols—the safe, solid, cautious, trust fund investment—are down below 50! Inasmuch as they are irredeemable, it is easy to understand the feelings of those holders who, finding their incomes sadly shrunken in purchasing power, are having to realize on their capital. Little wonder that they long for 1914 and Consols at par again!

Yet, with all the economic disloca-

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tion; with three-quarters of a million of her youth buried from the Hebrides to the Falklands; with labor troubles and with Irish troubles; with a war-fevered and sometimes delirious Continent of Europe raising Cain just across the Channel, England is "carrying on."

Out in the countryside—in the little towns of the Sussex downs or the Devon cliffs or the Northumberland moors—there are more granite war memorials and less young men than there were; but for all that a feud between the vicar and the lady of the manor is still an event of the first magnitude. The village barber may (and probably does) harbor memories of one night at Festubert when he picked up "the officer" wounded, and crept with him through a machine-gun barrage to the comparative shelter of a ruined farmhouse. Today that same officer is very likely to be just what he was before the war—a "toff," and socially just as immeasurably far away from the barber as ever he was. The war has put tweeds in theater stalls hitherto sacred to evening clothes, but it hasn't given Shoreditch a card of admission to Mayfair. The real fact is that Shoreditch doesn't want one. Coster and peer alike turn to 1914 and the years before as the goal.

London, superficially, has changed little. Khaki and blue are off the streets again. "D.O.R.A." still imposes a few silly restrictions about closing hours; there is no gold coin in circulation; there are more badges on coat lapels. The vast sluggish current of London life apparently wanders on much as usual.

One sits at an office window in the crescent of Aldwych and watches the ebb and flow of the tide of street traffic from the roaring stream which is the Strand. The matinée crowds, as yet only half-conscious that they have left the make-believe world of the stage's illusions, swirl from the Gaiety and disrespectfully linger to chat beneath the frowning austerity of the "Morning Post's" unmistakably Tory façade. Huge, ungainly steam lorries, which for some unknown reason are allowed to lumber through London's streets, creep along with loads of girders for a new building which is rising, American fashion, at the foot of Kingsway. "American fashion," did one say? Conspicuously absent is the deafening clatter of the pneumatic riveter; stolid workmen slowly and laboriously bolt the I-beams together by hand. It is the gaunt steel skeleton, unfamiliar to London, where solid granite is the rule, that gives the American touch.

In the crowd that passes beneath one's window nothing is conceded to Paris or to Constantinople in the matter of cosmopolitan characteristics. A navvy, sucking a "short clay," proceeds a pace in front of a Guards officer. Sallow and bespectacled Hindus, never quite at ease in their Western garments, slide slimly past. An ample woman in a leopardskin coat with a tiny monkey cuddled in the crook of her arm appears, and draws not even a glance. (Am I right in assuming that she would cause a near-riot on Fifth Avenue?) Blandly unconcerned Japanese—London is full of them, now that Prince Hirohito has been here—add their touch of the Orient. As a filler there is the usual assemblage that one sees in any street, any time, anywhere in Europe—all nonentities, by the grace of the vast and mighty unconcern which is and always has been London's.

"Ah, but you should have seen it before the war!" sadly comments the Londoner at one's elbow. "In 1914, now—"

There is a well-known story that when the London "Times" passed under the control of Lord Northcliffe an ancient reader of that paper complained to its editor that the "Times" wasn't what it used to be.

"My dear sir, it never was!" flashed back the editor.

Sometimes one cannot help wondering whether London ever was, either.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF A CHINA FAMINE

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

BRADLEY laughed till he shook "like a bowl full of jelly." I did not see the joke; probably because I was it. Still, he was welcome to his laughter, for there was mighty little of it domiciled in mid-China at the time. Bradley, although he is no thin and ghostly ascetic, is a missionary, a physician by profession, and in practice a general handy man of civilization. So when he and his fellow Southern Presbyterian missionaries found themselves in the midst of the great famine of 1906-7, the only white men and women in that remote part of China, he turned, American fashion, to the job of building roads in order that recipients of relief money might not be pauperized.

The tragic tales that had come down to Shanghai of the terrible visitation that had befallen the Kiangpeh region had of course lured the traveling newspaper man to the scene, via the Yangtze River and the Grand Canal. I well remember the panic in the American compound at Sutsien when Mr. and Mrs. Correspondent arrived from their houseboat by night; by night, when not even respectable Chinese ventured abroad because of the desperate characters whom hunger had driven into highwaymanry! A bad case was made worse because we had gone up the canal for a journey of several days without an interpreter, and so knew no better, when we reached Sutsien, than to disembark by night. The only conveyances available were one sedan-chair and a wheelbarrow. Mrs. Correspondent was put aboard the chair and whisked briskly off ere Mr. Correspondent was fairly settled in his wheelbarrow. She arrived at the Bradley home long before her husband; and for a time there was interesting discussion as to the probability of the madman's ever getting there alive. Naturally, he did arrive, with no other wounds than those incident to wheelbarrow riding over a Chinese highway.

The next day I was out with Bradley and his road-making gang. It cannot be denied that prudence is not my cardinal virtue. The entire trip had been undertaken in the face of official and unofficial warnings of its dangers. All along the way I had been cautioned against the personal perils that inhered in the distribution of money, for I carried two big pockets full of copper coins for that express purpose. Out among Bradley's hunger horde I committed another indiscretion. Upon observing a youth with a tray full of native sweets—wherever there is a market the world around, there is food of some sort to be had, regardless of famine conditions—I bought the whole supply, and began to distribute it.

At once the American Crœsus was mobbed. In their eagerness to get a morsel of the sweet provender, the men crowded upon me and crushed me and were fairly bearing me down to earth. My last sight ere I flung the food from me as far as I could send it, in order to relieve the situation by sending the men scrambling for the food, was of Bradley, up on a bank, laughing, earthquakewise, at the plight of this Smart Aleck of a newspaper man. But then he had gone through pretty much the same thing every day for weeks as he distributed the wooden tags which meant work to a horde of heads of families.

As somewhat of a specialist in human misery all over the earth, I must say that the Chinese peasant takes his hard luck man fashion. He does not easily become a sycophantic mendicant. When he has used up all the edibles on his place and sold everything vendible he owns, at times not excepting even the timbers of his poor dwelling, he loads his remaining family possessions, including his baby and his grandmother, upon his wheelbarrow and sets out on a tragic trek toward the nearest walled town or city. In the meantime, with inherited wisdom, he has learned how to get a modicum of nourishment, or else that sorry substitute, a "full feeling," from certain grasses, roots, and barks of young trees. A compressed cake of

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bean waste, normally fed to the pigs, becomes a prized food in famine times.

This tenacity of life is one of the unending marvels of Oriental hunger experiences. People live long on nothing, or little more than nothing. The marvel is not that so many die, but that so many live. China's capacity for endurance is famous; a famine reveals it to the uttermost. How a man can push a huge Chinese wheelbarrow over impassable roads with no food crossing his lips for days is beyond a Westerner's comprehension.

When the Chinese refugee, fleeing from the dread presence of famine, arrives at a walled city, he joins his fellow-fugitives in a camp. Any vacant space will do, but the nearer the wall the better, for various obvious reasons, including shelter from winter winds. These encampments of woe are a distinctive Chinese spectacle; but they are not on tourist routes. A square or two of matting is bent into a semicircular shelter, like a miniature of the great palace arch at Ctesiphon. Usually, the dimensions are about five feet square on the ground, the greatest height of the arch being perhaps four feet. Not a commodious home, manifestly; but possible because of the Oriental art of "hunkering." If the family is fortunate, there is a square of matting as floor-covering; otherwise, they sit and lie on the bare ground. All this is in winter, if you please! I personally have seldom been colder, despite a white man's seasonable clothes, than I was amid the famine refugees of Mid-China, who themselves wore meager, cotton-wadded garments. These become unusually infested, under refugee conditions, with vermin, to add to the sufferings of the patient poor.

Chinese are not exclamatory. They do not wail and cry aloud and proclaim their sufferings to the world, as is the fashion farther west in Asia. Their language, however, is by nature pictorial. The ideograph is vivid beyond all other forms of writing or speaking. As I passed emigrant famine families in rural China there would be sometimes only a single word of comment from them; this very lack of volubility made their plight seem more desperate. Over and over again the same word was muttered by these men whose backs were bent beneath wheelbarrow straps. I think it was, "*Yao-ming!*" Anyway, it means, "It wants our lives!" Who says the Chinese are only unimaginative materialists? That one word was tragedy incarnate. These illiterate peasants had visualized the famine from which they were fleeing as a monster that would be satisfied with nothing less than life itself. It had devoured food store and property and home, still it relentlessly dogged the heels of the fugitives, insatiate until it had got the ultimate possession.

So it was a battle for life that the Americans waged. Belatedly, the need of China got to America—primarily, let it be said with full significance, because the missionaries were actually on the scene in remote interior China—and money and food came. There was nobody to organize and distribute relief except these expatriates of piety; and right skillfully did they vindicate their national heritage. They knew the language and the people, and they knew that to feed the hungry was the best kind of Gospeling. Let me whisper in passing that the unique position which

PHOTOGRAPH BY AUSTIN O. LONG, Y. M. C. A. SECRETARY

ONE OF THOUSANDS OF REFUGEE WOMEN

the United States to-day holds in the esteem and affection and confidence of China is due less to the praiseworthy utterances of statesmen in Washington than to the noble character and conduct of American missionaries strewn all over the Chinese nation. Somebody will one day write a profound article or book upon the diplomacy of democracy, which is nothing more nor less than the popular diffusion of good will. America is unshakably in the leadership of China to-day for the simple reason that the Chinese have had abundant evidence of the real character and disposition of this country.

At least one man learned during the 1906-7 famine in China what sort of men and women missionaries really are. A British war correspondent, Captain K——, left Shanghai with me, bent on the same errand. He confided to me his fears about the missionaries whom he would have to meet; for, said he, of course he did not believe in missionaries—they were persons who could not make an honest living at home, and they were possessed of no social qualities. I did my best to reassure him that, even though he would have to put up in missionary homes—there was nowhere else to go—he would not be abridged in his liberty of opinion on that account. The point troubled K——, for he was an honorable gentleman and did not care to eat a man's salt and then pillory him in print.

Soon he had troubles of a different sort. In the mission homes the day begins with family worship, and poor K——, with all his cosmopolitanism, had never before run up against that institution, and really did not know how to behave. I especially admired the skill with which he concealed that precious part of his baggage which was carried in bottles. Worse was yet ahead. At Antung the China Inland Mission ladies took it for granted that nobody would ever penetrate to such a remote place on a benevolent mission without the constraining impulses of religion. At the first meal Miss Reed naturally asked, "Captain K——, will you please say grace?" Doubtless Captain K—— had often used the language commonly heard in grace before meat; but not exactly in that connection. But he was prepared, probably by his American wife, so he blandly remarked, "Miss Reed, my family are all Quakers, and we use a silent blessing at the table." All the while he was at Antung that clever correspondent substituted a "silent blessing" for the usual grace before meat.

Blasé and worldly-wise and British, K—— was not given to enthusiasms; but when he returned to Shanghai he wrote in the "North China Daily News" a tribute to missionaries that was heartier and more effective than is usually found in the professional literature of missions. And to me he said, special-correspondently, when we met: "As you know, I've been everywhere and mingled with all sorts of people; but that American missionary Patterson, at Sutsien, is the finest man I've ever known in all my life."

I cannot quite bring myself to tell tales of famine horrors: the monkey-faced, pop-eyed babies tugging hungrily at the cold breasts of dead mothers lying on the frozen ground; the piteous old women and the stoical men; the incredibly deformed starving waif whom I picked up outside of the city of Tsing-kiangpu; the boy on the wall of Chin-kiang who was carrying home a starved cat for food, and in response to a query tried so hard to sell it to me as a delicate morsel; and such general concomitants as the incidence of smallpox plague with the famine.

One of the unexpected aspects of work in the famine camps came while I was accompanying Mrs. Paxton, of Chin-kiang, as she made rounds to distribute medicine to the sick among the hungry. As a matter of fact, relatively few persons ever die in a famine directly from actual hunger, but rather from diseases induced by malnutrition. Obligingly, Mrs. Paxton freely translated for me as we went along, and we found, in pathetic paradox, that the commonest request of these starving creatures was for medicine to give them an appetite! Even when they succeeded in getting a bowl of food from the relief station, ran the repeated tale, they could not eat it, having no taste for food. To us this meant, obviously, that the sufferers had reached the final stages, where craving for food had passed away. They were not hungry, because they were starving!

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"MINE OWN PEOPLE"

IN The Outlook of May 18 we announced our third prize contest. We asked those of our readers who felt like entering it to write six hundred words on the subject of "Mine Own People." We asked the contestants to tell us what they really thought of their own families. "Do you agree," we said, "with Oliver Herford's dictum: 'God makes our relatives; thank God we make our own friends'? We should like to know what kind of environment you live in; does it stimulate you or does it depress you? Would you have chosen it if you had had any say about it? Tell us truthfully of your revolts, if any, against your home life; also of your enthusiasms. If you are a woman, what do you really think of your men? If you are a man, let us have a critical estimate of your women folk."

Some of the letters were tragic; some of the letters were bitter; but, nevertheless, we found them a deeply interesting self-revelation. Pen-names conceal the identity of most of the six hundred and seventy-four aspirants who entered.

The object of the contest was to stimulate frank criticism of American life, and the result is an engrossing running story of American manners and human contacts, of enthusiasms and revolts, of all kinds of reactions to environment. This collection of letters is an illuminating survey of current life, emotions, yearnings, strivings, and restraints. It contains nearly half a million words of intimate observations and reflections—it is an almost staggering, close-up, composite picture of a multitude of lives.

It is curious how letters of self-revelation in American literature vary. The autobiographies of Dr. Grenfell and of Dr. Trudeau, both genuine pieces of literature, are happy and optimistic in spite of the fact that both of these men have seen more of the tragedy, sordidness, and misery of human life than falls to the lot of most observers.

But the autobiography of Charles Francis Adams, which has ancestry, cultivation, and wealth behind it, is the very refinement of despondency; in fact, at the conclusion of his biography, Mr. Adams tells us the story of an Oriental despot who, at the end of a reign of fifty years, said that he could only recall fourteen days of unalloyed happiness in the entire period. Mr. Adams, who was writing at the age of eighty, comments on this story by saying: "Like this Oriental ruler, as I look back over my more than fifty years of active life, I can only recall fourteen days of unalloyed happiness, but, at that, I have had more than any other member of my family."

Some of our contestants, to all of whom, by the way, we are greatly obliged for their response to our request, are Trudeaus and Grenfells, and some of them are Adamses.

With this brief comment we submit the results to our readers.

FIRST PRIZE

MY CAVALIERS

BY ANNE MARSHALL

THIS is Monday. I spent Saturday in the city, tramping about in the rain, shopping for various members of my family, but especially for the youngest brother, who sails this week for a year in Europe. He is having too good a time to waste any hours in shops; besides, "Sis knows just what I like."

I had a few minutes to spare and went to see a doctor. He was a childhood friend, this doctor. He lived next door, and he remembers very clearly the dark, silent little girl who looked on at the play of her five big blond brothers. He knows how the father and mother adored these boys and planned for their future and saw to it, in spite of the scarcity of money, that they had all the fun boys want—trips, horses, bicycles, and all the other things. He knows that the little girl's future wasn't discussed, that her gifts were few and useful, but, in spite of that knowledge, it doesn't seem natural to him as it does to me that the boys should have taken their cue from our parents and have forgotten too. This often happens in the South. The Southerner still to a large extent regards a woman as a servant or a beautiful toy, rarely as just a woman.

The doctor remembers how he lost a quaintly fanciful little playmate when I was twelve. The mother died then and I was told that I was the head of the house and that I must consider myself responsible for the youngest boy, a stormy, willful, hot-tempered child. He knows how I have worshiped the boy, how I have fought that temper of which the Southerner is secretly proud and from which his women and servants suffer. It was with this doctor's help, and unconsciously as far as the boy was concerned, that I brought to him a realization of the weaknesses of the Southerner, of the dangers of his sensuality, his hard drinking, his gambling, his egotism that so often smothers ambition. Probably I'd have failed in all of it had he not in a fit of temper struck me in the face with a club and marred dawning beauty. For a long time after that he was remorseful, thoughtful, and very affectionate. The Southerner can be adorably tender, and for just a bit of this tenderness his women forgive much.

The Southerner flatters much in public and when wooing; in private he is frank. A Southerner worships beauty and resents a lack of it in his women. The Southerner of Anglo-Saxon descent is a brute, an inheritance from his far-away Teutonic ancestors. My brothers called me "Scarface" until they were old enough to be ashamed of it; but the name left a deeper and more lasting scar than any on my face. A sensitive, introspective person invariably withers in the Southern home.

Next to beauty, wit and the ability to flirt are demanded of the Southern woman. My brothers didn't see these qualities in me and they didn't believe that others could find them. A Southerner is chivalrous, but he is also loyal to his friends and he does not permit friendship to be imposed upon. Therefore I was dubbed a "lemon" and the men were warned off.

I had a good mind, but the Southerner considers that a liability in a woman. I wanted to go to college, but it had never been done in our family, and the Southerner is very conventional. Of course my brothers are college men. Southern men of our class always go to college, and they major in highballs and minor in poker. I was needed at home. Woman's place is in the home. The oldest boys were through college; they liked to entertain a great deal, and competent servants are scarce in the South.

I made many efforts to escape, but always I went down in defeat before my lack of funds and before their oratory. The Southerner considers a woman incapable of handling money, but is most generous as far as charge accounts go. The Southerner is a born orator; from him the spoken word is mightier than pen or sword.

Then came the war. The Southerner loves a fight, and all of the brothers enlisted. The father settled down into chronic invalidism. The doctor who had been the boy next door came home on a furlough and brought with him a homeless friend. Within ten days all the world had changed for me. Love had come. Gayly we told of our intention to be married at once. It was like throwing a bomb into their midst. They were willing to give their lives for their country; surely I was willing to forego a little happiness in order that their minds might be at peace, knowing that I was at home caring for our father and helping their wives with the babies.

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Again their words defeated me. My beloved died in the Argonne.

On Saturday I shopped in the rain and I saw the doctor. Sunday I was up at dawn to prepare an early breakfast for a fishing party. The cook didn't come and there were eighteen for dinner. The Southerner is sentimental. He loves the home of his ancestors and delights in gathering his children about him there. In the midst of the dinner I had a hemorrhage. Later I told them what the doctor had said.

"Tuberculosis."

I didn't add, "Overwork;" I didn't tell that his face had made it unnecessary for me to ask how far the disease had progressed.

Monday. I have packed two trunks to-day, my own and that of the youngest boy who is going to Europe for a year. I am going to Saranac to-morrow.

I heard the boy say this morning:

"Poor old Sis! We must get her off at once. Of course it will be hard on her—she has been such a stay-at-home. But she is a menace to all of us here."

The Southerner is very romantic. I'll be good material for another tradition—the little sister who lost her lover in the Great War and died of a broken heart. Perhaps the next baby will be named for me.

SECOND PRIZE

A TRAGEDY OF RACE

BY N. USAMI

I LOOK out on life, as it were, with a double lens.

My father was born in Kyoto, Japan, of pure blood, the loyal subject of the Mikado. Trained in the University of Tokyo, he came early to America and settled in California.

My mother was daughter of a clergyman, was wooed by my father, and finally they became man and wife.

I was born in a beautiful valley of California, bounded on the west by the high coast range and thus protected from the trade winds.

The land of my father is very rich and brings forth fruit abundantly. Our crops are varied and profuse, from lemons to great acreage of potatoes.

Being the only child, my parents have taken much care of my education and showered their affection upon me. Both have much strength of character.

My life has been made up of a double idealism and a double patriotism.

The love of my father for the country of his birth is strong and abiding. When trouble would come between my parents, he would say in calm but strong speech that he thirsted for the day when he would go back to Kyoto, and he would recall the happy days of his life in the University of Tokyo. Then I would also feel as he felt and would so express myself. His country became my country and I was birth-proud.

My mother would make answer with much spirit, but not at all bitter, and assert that America was God's own country, that on its soil she would live to the end, and that, when death overtook her, under its soil she would ever rest.

When she would thus speak, I would regret my feelings towards Nippon and, springing to the side of my mother, would take her part.

Those days, however, were few, for there was much deep love between them, and whatever sorrow came, and it was much, it came from another source.

Many times there were when I would discover my mother weeping in quiet corners of the home, and then I would nestle close to her and bring what comfort I could. But I did not dare to ask why she thus wept and mourned and looked so miserable and distressed.

But it happened one day that she told me the secrets of her heart and they opened my eyes to all her troubles.

Her father and mother had disowned her, and that is why she never mentioned their names in my presence. A feeling of great hatred to them entered my heart, and it is still there, fiercer than ever. Mother's God is a God of forgiveness, and I hope he will forgive the nursing of that feeling which I don't want to part with. Father's God is harder to understand, but if he can't forgive he is no God.

When mother took ill unto death, I hurried from the University of California to her side and was never out of her presence. To me she turned for her every want. Her religion was as sacred as a dram of radium and as silent and powerful in its working.

Once did she ask me to read to her words that were often on her lips, and I opened her Bible and read these words: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." She wished to bury that sorrow with her, but I took it from her as a great weight.

With her life has gone out the light of my life.

"Mine own people!" How hard for one to speak of that which one has not. My heart, my mind, my soul divided!

As I look in the mirror and note the slant of the eye, the jet black, coarse hair, the strange tinge of cheek, I feel as if I would take wings and rest in the land of Hirohito.

When I recall the great spirit of my mother, her holy passion, her god-like devotion to her only child, her loyalty to my father, I long to kneel in a quiet spot and pray to her.

Thus I am a man without a country.

The few men and women who first entered our lives seemed to fall away from us, one by one. The pride of mother would not allow her to call them back, and father looked on with a strange smile on his lips.

Almost alone I pursue my work in my University, and, while I love her as mother, we live alone.

Thus I am a man without friends.

The greatest kindness that has been ever bestowed upon me was the work of a young Hebrew in my college life. He has done more to soften my heart than any power other than my own mother.

At times the appeal of Shintoism reaches me like a faint, far-off cry, then the God of the Hebrews is heard in the life of the young man who befriended me, and then the God of the Cross comes home, in the spirit life of my mother.

Thus I am a man without a personal God.

Yet life is sweet and beautiful, and the spirit of living things, of love, of kindness, of enthusiasm, sustains me.

I am what I am. Working within me has been a biological law beyond my control which has made me what I am.

THIRD PRIZE

THE ROBINS' MINUET

BY ARIES

MEDIOCRITY is the most diverting condition in life. My dog is not a neurotic prize-winner, but he is mine, and I love him. My father is not an indulgent millionaire; he is just "Father." And as for mother—well, words fail sometimes, don't they? Mother has self-manicured nails, does much of her own washing because the laundry is not properly reverential of our purple and fine linen, and reads intelligently whenever she gets the chance. The remaining member of our family is myself.

Once I intended, before sex intruded into my life, to be a pirate. At sixteen I wanted to be *une grande amoureuse;* and now I am just a high school teacher of English. Just! That is the way some people put it. But I glory in my life and its mediocrity. Confuse not mediocrity and stupidity, for the former has variety that mere genius could never attain.

Could you imagine any mere genius doing the following?

I rise at five o'clock to plant peas in a very private back yard, come indoors and get an exciting breakfast on a new electric stove, try out a new kind of inexpensive face powder, pack some home-made sandwiches for lunch and for economy, help mother with the dishes, walk six blocks to a remarkable car-line with novel service, wait patiently because three baby robins are dancing a minuet near by, and hopefully board the car when it arrives. Next I greet most of my eighty-two co-workers in our large high school, walk to my room (my very own domain, gay with priceless knick-knacks—priceless because most of them never cost a cent), instruct five classes of winsome adolescents in the gentle arts of debate, public speaking, and the literature of America; hover like a cautious guardian in a big study hall teeming with five hundred personalities—each one of which presents possibilities of conduct ranging from the angelic to the devilish. At the end of the last bell I hasten to the school library to attend a parent teachers' meeting, and meet Johnny's mother, who is troubled be-

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cause Johnny prefers not to work his mind too much; from there I go back to my own room again to supervise a school debating society, place some work upon the blackboard for the next day, draw a few chalk cartoons to please the youngsters and oil the cogs and come away from school at five o'clock. I visit the meat shop and pick out with care three symmetrical pork chops; enter the grocer's and walk out with several unusual bargains. Home appears enveloped in *coleur de rose* after the ride in the remarkable trolley; it is the greatest little home in all the world. I help prepare supper, assist with the dishes, correct a few school papers—treasure-mines in hidden humor—play the piano a little and decide that I like my technique on the Sonora even better, tease the one and only dog whose God I am, retire about ten o'clock to read under my glowing bed-light for an hour in my select night school, and then sleep!

Friends! Well, I would not be a school-teacher if I did not like my own people—the Common People. They are the salt of the earth. We both appreciate mediocrity, replete with thrills, crammed with opportunity, and rich with work. I am no Pollyanna; I am just sensible!

SIX LETTERS THAT RANKED HIGH IN "MINE OWN PEOPLE" CONTEST

MAIN STREET IS US

BY A WIDELY KNOWN WRITER WHO CONCEALS HIS IDENTITY AT THE COMMAND OF HIS WIFE

OURS is a college home town. What does that mean to you? Well, it depends upon where *you* have lived.

Our town is free from the foreign element that hurts many larger places. Our religion consists chiefly in church attendance. You must live among us a couple of years in order that you may later receive a social call from our elect. We are provincial, who imagine ourselves widely traveled. We applaud lightly lest the performer may not know that *we* have both went and saw. We take our titles seriously, for many of us have just reached the badge stage. Our club women prepare their papers from either the recent numbers of "The Survey," The Outlook, "Literary Digest," "Review of Reviews," or copy them bodily from the stern, scholastic prose of Britannica (early edition). Our children all are "taking vocal," or making the neighborhood miserable with the wail of violin or groan of horn. We tried to read "The Four Horsemen," but are doing better by Main Street—which is *us*. We decry sex fillums; but they pack the opery-house nevertheless with a rare combination of saint and sinner. "The Miracle Man" rather overstept us. Our elect are taught bridge by a crafty female from the Capital, who charges heavily for all the tricks known to our lower element that inhabit Poodle's Pool-room.

We have yearly revivals, from which we emerge to overcharge our customers who have not learned that prices at the Capital, twenty miles away, have long since come to nigh normal. To achieve fame, one must do something local; the exile who does his stint abroad in the land is forgotten. We all belong to lodges, and none of us attend. Our wealth is held by retired farmers, who have retired likewise from any civic obligations. We think of ourselves as cultured because nobody plays either croquet or horseshoes. Our girls now show just as much of their bodies as do the gentler (or is it bolder?) sex in our greater American cities. Our music is only a year behind New York.

Our schools are teaching everything—and, therefore, nothing. We pay our teachers not so much in money, for we figure in the college atmosphere. We read two Capital dailies and our own little home-town sheet with an earnestness that is commendable. Some of us go to the Capital that our wide travel may reach the eyes of our friends and enemies. We applaud anything that savors of the flag; but the voting is light.

We ride in mortgaged automobiles of varying vintage. We profess disgust at the thought of county fairs; but we all attend later on.

All Gaul has nothing on us; we are divided into three parts: college folks, town folks, and North End. The latter is that part of our home town that hates sham. We call it "our *worser* element." But the North End feels just as exclusive as do our elect.

And yet we are good folk. Americans, *trying to find ourselves*, and not quite *knowing how*. The sufferer in our town learns he has neighbors. Out of our self-satisfaction, the growth of generations, we keep reaching out for God and truth. We follow the gleam in our blundering but hearty Mid-Western fashion. A great National call came, and we fairly sprang up to sacrifice. And to be fair, out from US have gone dozens who have thrilled, in a score of varied callings, tens of thousands by the quality of their service.

CONGENIAL CAPTIVITY

BY CADUCEUS

HERE speaks the Army, the United States Army, the old-timers in service, and the most congenial family in captivity. (Captivity, by the way, is the correct term. Outsiders motor through our posts with the awed and interested expressions of children at the zoo. They crane their necks and watch us with breathless interest. It is unimaginable how tiresome it becomes. It is like being an organ-grinder's monkey! Our attitude towards these curious ones is the same as yours towards the rubber-neck wagon of tourists—bored amusement; and we are reputed "standoffish" and snobbish by these same gazers.)

All real Army people are loyal to their corps and the Army, and they are very scornful of upstarts—people who gain rank by other means than service or merit.

Neighbors may seem critical or undesirable in cities, but we appreciate our neighbors in the Army. They are so kind and willing in time of trouble. If there is a fire, if a member of your family is sick or has had an accident, you are overwhelmed with kind offers of help. Every one is more than willing and more than kind. Neighbors seem different after that.

At times we miss a real permanent home, and we find it hard to part with friends when we are ordered away; but there are many compensations. And then—we may come back some day.

There is a commonly heard statement which almost amounts to a proverb: "The Army takes care of its own." Nothing is truer. The Army gives us so many accommodations that civilians never dream of having. It gives the wholesale prices of the commissary, swimming-pools, tennis-courts, facilities for horseback riding, and it even takes the Army children to and from school. What city boy or girl who lives near an Army post does not envy the Army children their good times?

Traveling is a rich man's diversion. But not in the Army. This is another of our compensations. We see more strange things than our cousin, the marine, would credit, if he had not seen them himself. Few Army people but have been to the Philippines and Japan. And most of us have tried the Hawaiian surf.

There is more social activity in an Army post than even among the inner set of a big city. Every one is included and has a good time. The general's wife plays bridge with the captain's lady. "An officer and a gentleman" is the standard, and rank means nothing socially.

Army life spells opportunity. Traveling broadens the mind and adds to the education, and Army boys and girls win honors easily in their schools. They are bright and interested. They acquire their knowledge easily and have more experience to draw on.

We of the Army are more attached to our families than are civilians. They have homes and friends from childhood, and their neighborhood and homes mean almost as much to them as their fami-

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lies. But we have no home, and so are doubly attached to our families. We are frequently separated from each other, and also we all know war. Some have experienced three wars, and nothing tends to increase love and loyalty in the family as much as the peril of losing a member. We see different family customs the world over, and we appreciate their meaning more and more.

We are just one nice big sociable family. We know or have heard of everybody. We are always running across old friends and finding mutual acquaintances in conversations. We are one big loyal unit with lives as varied and full of interest as those portrayed by Kipling.

The United States Army is America's version of "Mine Own People."

THE LONG FURROW

BY JOHN DOE

STARTING life strong, happy, and heedless, life broke me and bade me start again. There was the girl. We took the long furrow together. Poor. I with lame feet and half-blind eyes—a wage-slave, disappointed—a poor apology of man. The girl walked beside me cooking for hay hands, harvester crews, wood-choppers, rough men, teaching our child. I stank of sweat—going unshaved, too tired to shave, or pray.

To-day we have a home—flowers, and trees; birds in the trees, bees in the flowers. The girl is here, the same light in her eyes. At night she prays. I pray now, no longer too tired. *She* prayed when she was tired. That brought us through.

"The weaker sex"?

There is the child. In her sleep she cried a few nights ago, "I will stand up for the right—always—I will." That is her spirit. She is seventeen.

There are my women.

Helen? Rosamond? angels with gold harps?—ah, give *me* my girl.

Sometimes we quarrel—little fusses: then we laugh, and kiss.

Love in a cottage: that is ours. *It is good.*

My neighbors?

An old Swede. He sharpens my tools, free—neighborly. My girl makes his old wife's dresses, free—neighborly. They are poor and uncouth. They smell—fusty, as peasants. They say, "You iss awful goot neighbors." We say the same.

Next door, old man Wise. Works with a hoe, year and year. Sings hymns. Lives almost exclusively upon hymn tunes and boiled eggs. Reads "Th' peal" ("The Appeal to Reason"). Waves his arms. Shouts at the Swede. Swede replies, "Yow bat."

Old Wise came to our fence, calling my girl, "Bin talkin' to a feller—we wasn't either of us sure: mebbe you kin say. Is the Kaiser the Pope?"

Ignorant? Study that diet.

Another neighbor works from dawn to dark. Gruff-voiced, he spits. His wife's voice raucous—as empty cans banging. They read nothing. No time. Six children—voices as silver ship's bells on a morning wind. There's life? Yes.

Another neighbor, a preacher's wife, asks my girl to Sunday school. Says, "Join the Bereans." Girl smiles—the smile God put there.

Up the road a young man and wife. Fresh, strong, happy, heedless. Fruit packers. Make fifteen dollars a day. Put it on their backs—silky things. Pray? No. Better to pray now and then. *We* know. Experience.

Our neighbors don't complain of their children. Nor children of them. Too much affection. *The simple treasures of the humble?* I think so.

Our friends make us. Their pluck gives us light. Shames us to manhood.

My chosen environment? *No.*

God puts the colt to the furrow. Old horses grow wise.

Mine own people?—you, and all the world my neighbor. Rainbow above us all—poor man's garden, and rich man's park. Birds sing for each.

Enthusiasms?

Yes.

"Do you like my new dress, dear?" "Better than ever, love."

"How is school?" "I am on the honor roll again."

Rain after drought. The first ripe fig on my tree—which the mocking bird pecks. A new job for a new boss: the old job again for the old boss. Work: hard work for honest bread. *Flowers down the furrow?* Yes, flowers at last.

I live where hammers ring, wrapping papers rustle, pruning shears click; amongst the poor—where things seem sordid.

Beauty is not of the eye alone.

God's in His heaven—all's well with the world?

I'll say so.

THIS IS NEW ENGLAND

BY ALMA ADAMS

I LIVE on Main Street; but because I have not always lived there I know it for what it is and despise it, love it, blush for it, and glory in it. The unmarried daughter of a small-town parson, as such I play my part in the community. My father is the most holy man I know, and I love and revere him; but he is so holy that living with him is difficult. He has a great reputation for humor, however, and at social gatherings tells innumerable mossy-backed funny stories. At home he cannot smile at the small household mishaps and dilemmas that should only be met with levity. The world is a serious place, a very serious place! If anything goes wrong in the parish, we of the household are treated with grieved forbearance. We are continually reviewing our deeds, wondering if we or the parish have erred. I often long for some one to thus study my moods. No one does.

My mother has back-slid, and is emancipating herself from the duties of a parson's wife. She declares thirty years of such service is enough. If they expect the wife's efforts as well as the husband's, they should expect to pay for them. Certainly my father's salary is not adequate for even the labors of one. (He is expected to live like a gentleman and entertain all the visiting clergy, and yet a good bricklayer earns much more!) My mother has let her mantle fall on me, and only goes about where she pleases. She reads a great many novels, sews, and likes to share all my pleasures, says she does love young people. I adore my mother, but I am always conscious, while she is not, that she is of another generation. She feels as if "we were sisters;" I have never felt so. My father disapproves of her and worships her. She is fond of him; but really I think he bores her to death.

Rebellious, indignant, cynical, but interested in spite of myself, I have plunged into the parish work. Every one was antagonistic to me at first. I found out later that it was because I went away to a city school. They think "city people" put on airs. We don't; but they read our every word and act so. This is New England, and people do not like to admit that they feel anything. They have kept it down so long that I believe they hardly do feel now. Personally I think my father is slowly dying from the unresponsiveness of his flock. I lose patience with the smugness and narrowness and coldness of these people; and yet when the big things come, when the rectory burned, for instance, we found that they have very large hearts after all, although carefully hidden. Probably the truth is I am just as odd as they; in fact, "they say" that "they say" that I am.

I wanted to get away, to lead my own life, to earn a little money and much independence, but the parental roof nearly came off. My father talked largely of a daughter's place—home ties and duties. My mother was hurt that her companionship did not seem adequate. And yet my sister, because she happens to be married, can do or go as she likes, unquestioned.

The war set me free. I went. I saw new countries, new people, much human nature stripped of all accessories. I longed to stay always, to travel, to see, to learn. And yet, when a year was up, I *knew*, knew that in spite of my prostrate admiration for the Old World, I would ever be the foreigner there, knew that I was homesick. A great longing arose in me for Main Street and its "folks." Back I came, palpitating with eagerness to be welcomed. But no, I had forgotten they would merely say, "Seems good to be back, eh?" and go on making pies for the church supper. Well, so they did; but the church supper was given in my honor, and I knew the names of every man, woman, and child there, and they knew, or thought they knew, all about me, and we spoke the same language, and knew just what to expect of each other, and it was all very comfortable, uninspiring perhaps,

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but Home, my own little niche, "mine own people."

THE INELUCTABLE SADNESS OF YOUNG AMERICA

BY AMERICANO

Discussions of one's relations seem entirely academic to those for whom the subject is really vital. So-called family grievances are largely forced and artificial compared, for instance, with the tense experience of children of "the new immigration" from Southern Europe.

Back in the nineties, an Italian and his wife emigrated to the United States. Both were illiterate, of common peasant stock, from a squalid hill town of a poor southern province. The man has always been a day laborer. In this country five children were born. The youngest of these, a boy, although brought up in a typical foreign quarter of a great city, somehow saw a vision of true America. From earliest boyhood he differed from his companions and relatives in his ambitions and thoughts. The boys of the neighborhood and his own older brothers became teamsters and machinists and factory hands. But he wanted to go to college and enter a profession. One of his first intra-family battles was when he insisted on an open window in his bedroom, such a daring idea being entirely repugnant to the sanitary standards of his parents.

By good fortune, he attended a splendid private secondary school as a "scholarship boy." Then he went to a classical Eastern college, where he was graduated *magna cum laude*. He participated with ease and success in the social life and in the intellectual activities of school and college. And then, to crown his yearning to be a thorough American, he served in the United States Army during the War. Now he is secretary of a great commercial organization.

But the family situation, not mere biography, is the important fact in this man's life. It is a constant contradiction. Picture it to yourself: a bright, educated, literary, modern American young man living in a primitive family group. His friends are native Americans; his associates are university men; his work takes him constantly into good social circles. But in his own home he must join in the life of simple folk transplanted from the Apennines. His relatives are stolid hod-carriers or laundry workers. Their amusements, their speech, and their living conditions are not his. He is in reality two generations in advance of them.

What rescues him from misery and cynicism is his philosophic sense. It is no one's fault. It just happened so. It is only a phase of the social history of America. With all his intellectual estrangement, however, he has not lost sight of fundamental virtues. He admires those sturdy qualities of his parents which brought them into a strange land in honest quest of the chance for happy living. And though he can not discuss government or Sinclair Lewis—or baseball—with his father, still he appreciates the honest mind of the simple tiller of Old World soil.

His adjustment to the social situation does not prevent constant wistfulness, however, for American home life. He knows the sympathetic camaraderie that binds American children to their parents. But what he yearns for, hopelessly and constantly, others take as a matter of course. That is why he is intolerant of those who had such a good running start in life but still go wrong.

Other sons of immigrants take the more abrupt and brutal course of breaking definitely away from home. But in any case a dilemma exists: either actual separation or virtual exile though living at home. The hardships endured by immigrants have often been pictured. But the mental agony undergone by children of our immigrants is ten times more poignant. The story of the ineluctable sadness of young America is still to be written.

STRAINS AT AN EPIGRAM AND SWALLOWS A FALSEHOOD

BY VERONA FITZMAURICE

Oliver Herford's dictum is absurd on the face of it.

"God makes our relatives," indeed!

Surely I wouldn't think of accusing God of making worthless husbands, nagging wives, country cousins, or irreverent children.

Herford, like so many other men, strains at an epigram and swallows a falsehood.

My marriage, for example, was not made in heaven.

Here I am, in a tiny flat, at the age of thirty, with three children, an erratic husband, irregular income, piles of bills, endless worries, and, let me be frank, plenty of brightness withal.

The man of forty winters courted the woman of twenty summers and she was easy.

British by birth, training, tradition, my husband cast his line into the stream of chance and I was hooked.

Am I angry about it? No. Am I bitter? Certainly not. Am I pessimistic? Far from it.

I often get into a corner, think over the whole thing, and laugh aloud till the room seems to ring. Then Montie, Jr., aged eight, rushes in, throws his arms round me, and shouts in glee, "Oh, mamma, what a laugh!"

How often I look into the face of my "half century" hubbie, brick-red, blue-eyed, red-haired, irritatingly complacent, and wonder how he thinks about it all! There's such punctuated silence, such cussed reserve!

In such moments I feel like rushing over and boxing his ears. Then Montie, Jr., dashes in, with Aileen a close second, and covers the big, kind bear with kisses, and then he empties his pockets.

What a big baby he is!

Just give him an ounce of Capstan, a clean pipe, an easy chair, a copy of the London "Times," and Gabriel, the archangel, couldn't be more charming.

1066 is his favorite year. Then it was that his family started in to do something and William I made them. Montiford Percy Edward Fitzmaurice, his great-great-forefather, was the man out of whose loins sprang the Fitzmaurices of the centuries.

So it happens that, in the year of grace 1921, and in a cottage overlooking the Golden Gate, San Francisco, the last of the historic line, Montie, Jr., looks up, in respect, at the man responsible for his life.

So much for the family.

As for the larger circle, my chief grouch is against the women.

The men of Montie's type, infernally British, brusque, with eternal meerschaum pipe, walking stick, outlandish stride, Morris tweeds, and Scotch cap, have remained, through thick and thin, close at his side. Police dogs are they, always at hand.

But the women! Here again Herford is in a mess. "Thank God we make our own friends!"

What do women of fashion want with a woman who does her own washing? At twenty-one there was a big circle of them, all smiles, golden plans, well-wishes. At twenty-five the circle was narrowed. At thirty they may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Ten years have taught me that, outside the family life, little can be expected.

Montie is not half bad.

When the great war burst upon the world, he was forty-three. His allegiance to Britain had never been renounced.

One day he hugged Montie to his breast, gripped me in a great embrace like a bear, and left for Canada.

Then came the first letter from Poperinghe, near Ypres, in the Ambulance Service, a stretcher-bearer.

Then came a citation for bravery, a wound that laid him for months upon his back, and his return.

"Ah, 'tis good to be here," were the first words uttered when he could release himself from our embrace.

Reaching for the Virginia Cut, he filled his pipe, propped himself in the arm chair, handed Montie his helmet, and, turning to me, simply said, for the first time in his life: "You're all the world to me."

Montie may be erratic, but there's a way of handling him.

The income may be irregular, but there's a way of spending.

The collectors may be persistent, but there's a way of placating them.

The worries may be as plenty as blackberries, but there's a way of crushing them.

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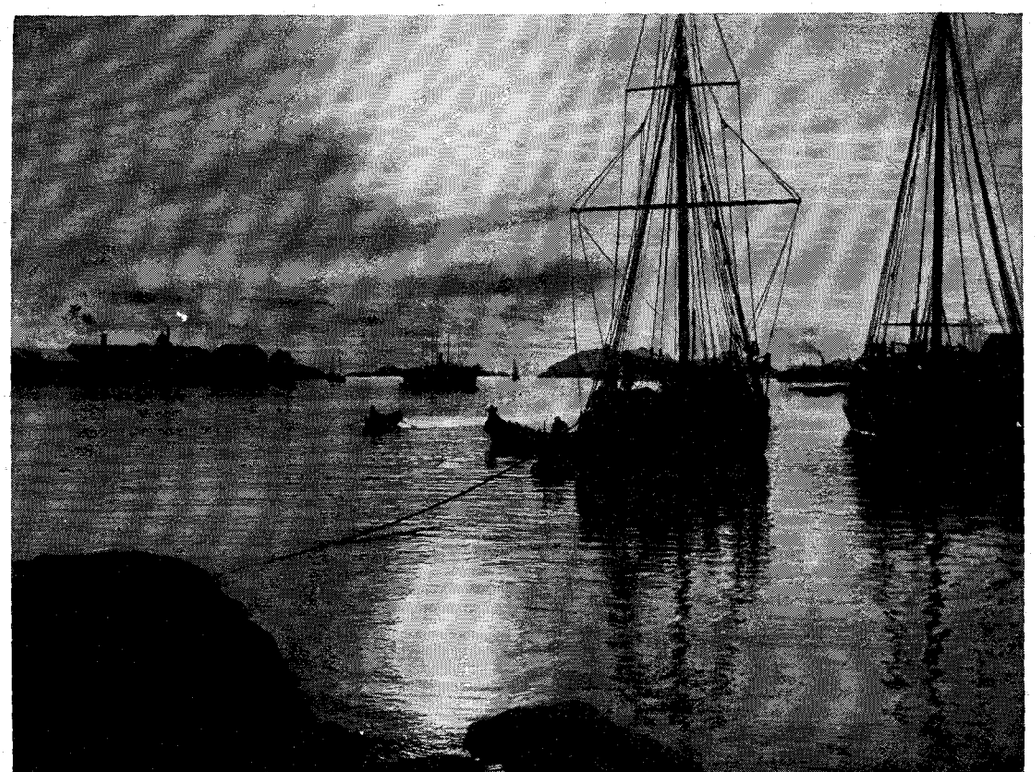
"UNDER NORTHERN LIGHTS"

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER

A NORTH SEA FISHERMAN



FISHING BOATS IN THE LOFOTEN ISLANDS

The Lofoten Islands extend nearly 200 miles off the northwest coast of Norway. They are very irregular in outline, and are indented with narrow and winding fiords. The tidal currents between the islands are very swift, in one place forming the dangerous eddy long famous as the Maelstrom. The cod fisheries are the main support of the islanders

From Miss M. E. Berner, New York

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THE BOOK TABLE

ERNEST RENAN[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

I TOOK up this book with a prejudice against it. I said to myself, "Why another life of Renan? I have already in my library two lives of him, besides his own reminiscences of his boyhood; and doubtless there are others. He has done his work. The world has passed judgment on it. Why recall him from the dead?"

Reading Professor Mott's book answered my question. His volume is worth while. He has made a careful study of Renan's "Youthful Note Books," with which we do not think English readers are familiar. In these Note Books, carefully studied and with apparent impartiality interpreted, Professor Mott has introduced to us the youthful Renan and shown us the processes of his early growth and the seeds of his later fruitfulness. Professor Mott is neither an admirer, an apologist, nor a critic. He is an interpreter, and, as an interpreter, maintains an impartial attitude not always to be found in the historian, and very rarely to be found in the religious biographer.

Ernest Renan is an enigma, to the Anglo-Saxon reader an almost insoluble enigma.

Was Renan a philosopher? His first published volume, "The Future of Science," is probably to be classed with books on philosophy; but no one would rank him as a philosopher with Hegel or Hume or Bergson or our own William James.

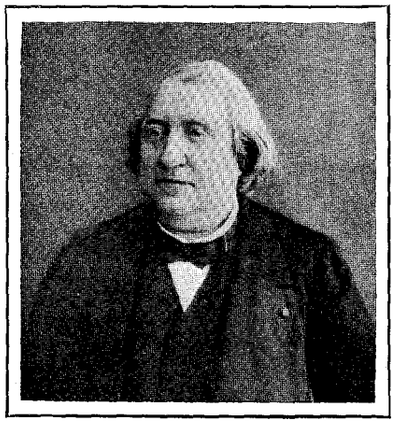
Was Renan a scholar? Surely: a great Hebrew scholar, making free use of philology in his writings; and yet he had not that passion for accuracy in minute detail which we generally regard as a distinguishing characteristic of scholarship.

Was Renan a reformer? He was interested in political reform, identified himself with the Liberals but not with the Radicals, was once a candidate for the French legislative body, and polled a very respectable vote. But he did not give himself to reform, either religious or political, with the "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish" spirit of consecration which characterized such religious reformers as Paul and Luther, such moral reformers as Gough and Garrison, and such political reformers as Washington and Lincoln. He was not the stuff that martyrs are made of.

Was Renan a biographer? His most famous contribution to literature was his "Life of Jesus." But it is still a disputed question whether that Life should be classed with biography or fiction.

Was Renan a historian? His "History of Israel" is as fascinating as the English histories of Macaulay and Froude; but no scholar would recognize in it an authority equal to that of Ewald's "History of Israel."

Was Renan a Christian? Doctrinally? No! Yet in spirit he was more Christlike than those who denounced him as an infidel and an atheist. He was not a pacifist, but he did not believe that international rivalries could be settled by war. "The final victory," he writes,



ERNEST RENAN

"will lie with the people the most highly educated and the most moral, by morality meaning the capacity for sacrifice and the love of duty." He adopts as his own Christ's estimate of values, though in doing so he does not mention Christ: "Like the patriarch of Assisi, I have passed through the world without any serious bond of attachment to it, in the condition of a mere tenant, if I dare say so. Both of us, without having anything of our own, have felt rich." An ardent patriot, disappointed and indignant at Germany's attack on France in the Franco-Prussian War, he yet cries out against revenge: "No, rather let France perish; above country there is the kingdom of duty, of reason." He is not embittered by the fact that he has personally suffered from the war. Strauss had published in Germany certain correspondence between himself and Renan, and had given the profits to German troops. Renan writes to Strauss: "The work to which you made me contribute is a work of humanity, and, if my humble prose has procured some cigars for the soldiers who pillaged my little cottage at Sèvres, I thank you for having furnished me the opportunity of conforming my conduct to certain of the precepts of Jesus which I believe to be the most authentic."

No scholar now takes Renan's "Life of Jesus" as a photograph. It is a poet's idealistic picture, beautiful, ennobling, but radically defective. I cannot better indicate the fundamental nature of that defect than by the following extract from "Amiel's Journal:"

> Reread, for the second time, Renan's "Vie de Jesus," in the sixteenth popular edition. The most characteristic feature of this analysis of Christianity is that sin plays no part at all in it. Now, if anything explains the success of the Gospel among men, it is that it brought them deliverance from sin—in a word, salvation. A man, however, is bound to explain a religion seriously, and not to shirk the very center of his subject. This white-marble Christ is not the Christ who inspired the martyrs and has dried so many tears. The author lacks moral seriousness, and confounds nobility of character with holiness.

The reason for this defect in Renan's portraiture, that he is an artist rather than a historian, Amiel more fully explains in another passage of his Journal:

> Renan has a keen love for science, but he has a still keener love for good writing, and, if necessary, he will sacrifice the exact phrase to the beautiful phrase. Science is his material rather than his object; his object is style. A fine passage is ten times more precious in his eyes than the discovery of a fact or the rectification of a date. And on this point I am very much with him, for a beautiful piece of writing is beautiful by virtue of a kind of truth which is truer than any mere record of authentic facts.

Despite this defect Renan by his "Life of Jesus" rendered a great service to his fellow-men: he built a bridge over which many have passed, and many are still passing, from the deadening skepticism and more deadening ecclesiasticism of the past to the illuminating and inspiring faith of the future.

Romanism had clad Jesus in the white robes of a priest and put him at the altar; Protestantism had clad him in the purple robes of a king and put him on a throne; skepticism had dismissed him from history altogether into the realm of fable. Renan accepted the Four Gospels as historic documents and Jesus as a historic figure, and clad him in the garments of a peasant and put him in the homes of the common people as their friend and companion. Attributing to him a new type of heroism, he closed his book by the following epitaph: "Whatever unlooked-for events the future may have in store, Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will unceasingly renew its youth; his story will call forth endless tears; his sufferings will subdue the noblest hearts; all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men no one has been born who is greater than he."

A Frenchman writing for the French people, Renan did more, probably, than any contemporary in his nation to supplant the vacuous skepticism of Strauss, the scornful skepticism of Voltaire, and

[1] Ernest Renan. By Lewis Freeman Mott. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $4.

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the unspiritual ecclesiasticism of an Ultramontane priesthood, with an ideal which prepared the way for the faith of a Sabatier, a Martineau, a Maurice, a Beecher, and a Brooks: faith in a God who is more than the Infinite and Eternal Energy of science, more than the Impersonal Absolute of philosophy; a Personal God, who has made man in his own image and breathed into man the breath of his own life, that we might see in our own spirits the reflection of his spirit, and that he might have in us a Father's joy in loyal children and we in him the joy of children in a heavenly Father. He who with this faith in a human God combines faith in Jesus of Nazareth as the supreme man of history and therefore the supreme manifestation of the Great Spirit, possesses, or rather is possessed by, an experience of peace in the present and hope for the future which no other religious faith seems able to impart.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

BURNING SANDS. By Arthur Weigall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

The love story of a learned professor and a society girl by whom he was strangely misunderstood. The African desert is the background.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF ART BELONGING TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK. Illustrated. Prepared and Issued by The Art Commission of the City of New York.

This is a book that will make New Yorkers proud of what they have in the way of fountains, statues, paintings, monuments, and various memorials of the past, and humble when they think of what they ought to have to signalize the glory and power of the wealthiest city of the New World. The book is finely illustrated and would make an interesting guide to a History Class for a tour of the city.

BIOGRAPHY

FAMOUS CHEMISTS. By Sir William A. Tilden. George Routledge & Sons, London. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Illustrated. $5.

The lives of many famous European chemists are described in this book with fullness of biographical detail and in a style that is intended to be "suitable for general reading;" but the book is more likely to interest professional chemists or students of chemistry, and to such it will doubtless furnish entertaining reading matter.

HISTORY

LOST SHIPS AND LONELY SEAS. By Ralph D. Paine. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Here are true tales of stout-hearted mariners who braved all kinds of peril and (some of them) won out in their conflict with the elements and with reckless men. A few of the stories—like that of the Mutiny of the Bounty—are familiar but are told with fresh enthusiasm; many others have been dug up from old records but are well worth reading by a new generation. The pictures are especially striking.

POETRY

LIFE IMMOVABLE. By Kostes Palamas. Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides. Harvard University Press, Cambridge. $2.

Kostes Palamas is by European critics considered the greatest contemporary Greek author and by some among the greatest of modern European poets. Born in Patras somewhat more than sixty years ago, Palamas has lived all his life in Greece and is now Secretary of the University of Athens. With John Psicharis and Alexandros Pallis, Kostes Palamas was one of the leaders of the "demotikist" group of two decades ago whose desire to create a modern Greek literature in the colloquial language of the country earned them the contumely of the classicist or purist writers and finally resulted in a series of riots in Athens which profoundly stirred the intellectual life of Greece.

The poems translated in the present volume constitute the first half of his "Life Immovable" and include five collections of verse—"Fatherlands," "The Return," "Fragments from a Song to the Sun," "Verses of a Familiar Tune" and "The Palm Tree"—representative of the poet's work from 1890 to 1900.

"Fatherlands" evokes the spiritual traditions of modern Greece and of the poet's life—the city of Patras, the quiet town of Missolonghi on its blue lagoon, Athens the violet crowned, Corfu, the birthplace of the Greek literary renascence, Egypt, the ascetic Christianity of Mount Athos, the classic age of Hellas and Byzantium. "The Return," written in 1897, the year of the disastrous Græco-Turkish War, is at once a vision of the tragedy of life and of faith in the future. The fragments of the "Song to the Sun" and "Verses to a Familiar Tune" adumbrate Palamas's mystic theory of life.

Much of the poet's verse, even in a translation which is probably hardly inspired, betrays a beauty of imagery and a delight in the world of nature that are born of his pantheistic reading of experience. The translator is to be thanked rather for having made available in English some of the work of a representative modern Greek poet than for having recreated for us the experience of one who has read this verse in the original. The critical introduction with which the volume is prefaced is neither critical nor interpretative but has the merit of including translations of poems which are not included in the body of the book.

STORY TELLING BALLADS. By Francis Jenkins Olcott. Illustrated by Milo Winter. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

A well-chosen and ably edited selection of English, Scotch, and Irish ballads for boys and girls of twelve and more. A continuation of the series inaugurated by the editor's earlier volume for younger readers, it includes the more familiar old ballads, such as "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Barbara Allen," as well as the verse in ballad form of Rossetti, Allingham, Tennyson, and other moderns. Intended to stimulate a love of poetry through the appeal of vivid narration, this book will provide children with primitive poetic experience and remind their parents that poets are rightly "makers"—tellers of tales—and poetry itself a fruit as well as a function of living. The book is an excellent introduction to English poetry, admirably adapted to winning the love of children; the illustrations are charming and the notes helpful but not obtrusive.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

ESSAYS ON BOOKS. By A. Clutton Brock. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

These essays, rescued from the speedy oblivion of the Literary Supplement, are well worth reading because of their frank judgments of literary men and their clarity of style.

THE POETRY OF JOHN DRYDEN. By Mark Van Doren. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.

Mr. Van Doren's study of Dryden is one of the outstanding books of literary criticism of the present year, distinguished not only by careful scholarship but by truly interpretative insight. The book is an illuminating evaluation of the mind and art of one of the most misunderstood of English poets, and, obliquely, of the philosophic, æsthetic, and political ideas which determined the current of English literature during his period. It is essentially significant in that it performs so well the rarely accomplished function of criticism, to make the reader contemporary with the subject and to make the subject intelligible in its own terms.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

ENCHANTED YEARS. Edited by John C. Metcalf and James S. Wilson. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

FLOWER OF MONTEREY. By Katherine B. Hamill. Illustrated. The Page Company, Boston. $1.90.

LANTERN OF LOVE (A). By Della MacLeod. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

GEOFFREY'S WINDOW. By Jeannette Marks. Illustrated. The Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass.

MERRY TALES FOR CHILDREN. By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. The Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass.

RICK AND RUDDY IN CAMP. By Howard R. Garis. Illustrated. The Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

PRINCIPLES AND PROBLEMS OF GOVERNMENT. By Charles G. Haines and Bertha M. Haines. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

SEA POWER IN THE PACIFIC. By Hector C. Bywater. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOOKS ON THE TABLE. By Edmund Gosse, C.B. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH. By Ernest Weekley, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $15.

MANHOOD OF HUMANITY. By Alfred Korzybski. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

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CONTEST NUMBER FOUR

The Turning Point

WE have all stood at the crossroads. We have all made memorable decisions. To some of us the Turning Point comes early in life. To others it comes late. For the best letters describing the Turning Point in a life we will award:

a first prize of Fifty Dollars
a second prize of Thirty Dollars
a third prize of Twenty Dollars

Was your Turning Point found in school, in college, in business, in marriage, or failure to marry? Was your decision made with the help of teacher, parent, or friend? Or did you go it alone? Did you come upon it after a disaster or a great happiness? Or an accumulation of little things? Do you regret or rejoice in the Turn that you made?

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. Write your name (add a pen name if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 600 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before October 21.
5. We reserve the right to purchase for publication desirable letters not winning prizes.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest.

Address all contest letters to

CONTEST EDITOR, THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
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The Literary Event of the Year

SELDOM has there been an opportunity for something as great from a literary standpoint, and from the tremendous importance of the events and conditions recorded. Walter Hines Page was second to none as an American Editor—as the War-time Ambassador to Great Britain he was in the midst of the great maelstrom of the World War. During the war he wrote vivid descriptions and observations in letters to President Wilson, Colonel House, and others. These letters have been collated and edited by Burton J. Hendrick, and the first of them appear in the September WORLD'S WORK—now on sale at the newsstands.

It Costs $3,000,000 a Day

YESTERDAY and the day before, and to-day, and it will to-morrow—on our Navy. And two more millions on the Army. No wonder the President has called the Disarmament Conference. This amount we are spending is many times more than we were spending daily before the war. The whole Disarmament story, fully illustrated with charts and photographs, is graphically told by French Strother in the September WORLD'S WORK. Don't miss it.

The Coal People will have to make it hot for us—at the right price—or we'll make it hot for them.

FLOYD W. PARSONS has written a very important article about Coal and Coal Prices that every business man, and householder ought to read—NOW, when we need some settlement of this coal business—in the September WORLD'S WORK.

Where the Money Goes

DAVID F. HOUSTON, Ex-Secretary of the Navy, has a striking article on "Where Our Taxes Go and Why"; Commander Koehler has another mighty interesting article about what Russian peasants think of Bolshevism; Henry Morgenthau tells what he learned from Tammany—and there are several others, all timely and to the point. Don't miss the September WORLD'S WORK.

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ONE OF THE UNEMPLOYED

BY JOYCE McMAHON HAMLIN

He was sitting on a bench at the edge of the charming little park that lies in the middle of the largest industrial center within an hour of Cortlandt Street.

I had dropped down for five minutes before going into the Library. What caught me first was the look of tragedy in the brown eyes that fairly swam with pain. He had a newspaper, and it was opened to where the columns are more closely printed than elsewhere. He got up before I did. He crossed the last walk, and though the grass was strewn with papers from the night before, he, in truly un-American fashion, deposited his paper in the waste-box.

The doors were scarcely opened when he came into the Reference Department. There was a hunted look as he searched for a table. His fine wrists showed below sleeves full two inches short. The trousers cut the ankles well above the conventional line.

I went toward him to ask whether I could help him. With a darkening face, which results from one thing only, he started to leave before he might be told to go. And I, unable to offer work that would bring bread, still less joys of the soul, could hold him but for a little with, "The light is better at this table."

The blood rushed to his sensitive splendid face as he said, "Oh, I thank you ver-ry much."

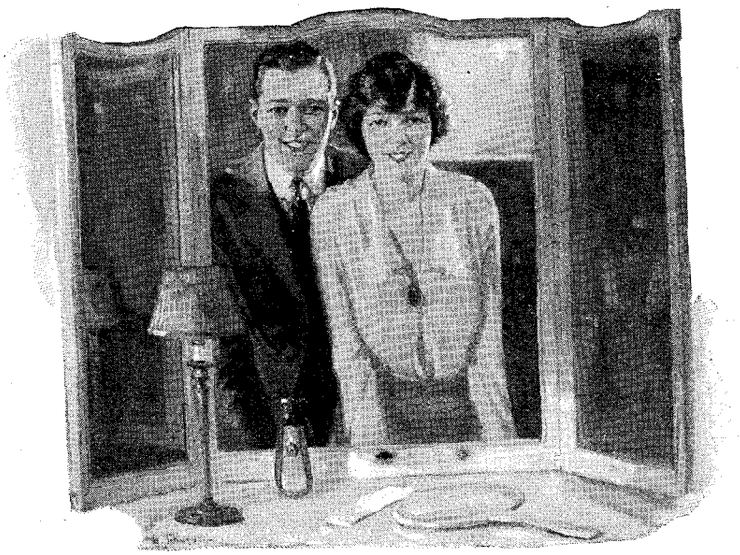
EMERSON AS A HOG-REEVE

The first reference I ever saw to Mr. Emerson's position as hog-reeve was in a British article, perhaps by Matthew Arnold or possibly Carlyle. It was there mentioned as evidence of Mr. Emerson's lowly, friendly willingness to be of service to his fellow-citizens! In The Outlook for August 10 you refer to the matter incidentally (page 578) but without particular comment. Quite probably you may be familiar with the use of that "office" in the New England town meeting of bucolic type; but evidently the British author was not.

To state the case briefly, it has long been a custom to recognize the newly wed gentlemen of the town by electing them to the amusing and virtually obsolete position of hog-reeve or hog-constable. They thus have the chance to step up to the Moderator's desk before the assembled voters and be "sworn in" with due solemnity. It was my fortune to have this experience as a clergyman, and I have often seen others enjoying it, although it is not now so inevitable as formerly. WINFIELD G. HUBBARD.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND CARTOONS

The Outlook can always use good amateur photographs of interesting scenes or events. We pay $3 for each one accepted, if suitable for a half page or smaller; $5 if selected for full-page reproduction. We especially want snapshots made by the person submitting the photographs. Cartoons are also desired; if accepted we pay $1 each.



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Real Estate

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Real Estate

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NEW YORK

For Sale, "Westwood"
A beautiful all-the-year home in a clean college town, 1½ miles to Erie R.R., ½ mile to post office, elevation 1,300 feet; beautiful view. Brick and shingle, tile roof, plate glass, 12 rooms and large attic, stable and storage shed. 2 acres, garden, fruit trees, city water, also hot and cold soft water, bath and lavatory, natural gas, furnace and 6 wood and gas fireplaces. Laundry, vegetable, furnace, and coal rooms in basement. Address
OWNER, Box 137, Alfred, N. Y.

Property Wanted

WANTED to buy, small payment, easy terms, country place outside Washington or New York. Abandoned farm would be suitable. 5,897, Outlook.

AGENTS WANTED

BIG money and fast sales. Every owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 167, East Orange, N. J.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

COOKING for PROFIT. Earn handsome income; home cooked food, catering, tea room, etc. Correspondence course. Am. *School Home Economics, Chicago.*

LOCATION as photo artist in a thrifty New England town. Box 303, Manchester, Vt.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA.—We can place in California and Arizona college graduates with post-graduate study and seventeen months' teaching experience, from the East, after this date in fair quantity. Boynton Teachers' Agency, Brockman Bldg., Los Angeles.

DIETITIANS, secretaries, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Box 5 East Side. Boston office, Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Thursdays 11 to 1. Address Providence.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee: housekeepers, matrons, dietitians, governesses, secretaries, mother's helpers, attendants. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, secretaries, teachers. Call.

STATIONERY

IF you have a son or daughter away at school, a present of a box of our stationery might be productive of a few more letters. *Free samples.* Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WORKING housekeeper. Strong, capable woman who is good plain cook to do everything except laundry. Seven room apartment. Two adults. New York City references required. State salary expected. 447, Outlook.

WANTED—Young woman to keep house for small family of adults in New York City. Share family life. Sunny south room. Time to carry half year's college credits. 435, Outlook.

WANTED—Companion-secretary. Chicago in winter, New Hampshire in summer. Must be interested and willing to help with vegetable and flower gardens. Permanent position. In reply state experience, references, and salary expected. 433, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

HOUSEKEEPER, Protestant, for modern institution of 40 girls. Burd School, 4226 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia.

WANTED—Working housekeeper to do cooking only. Must be experienced and willing. Salary $80. Wanted also, mother's helper to do chamber work, sewing, and help in care of three children. Salary $60. In country New Hampshire all the year. Refined home with all modern conveniences, including electric stove. No servants need apply. Prefer ladies who have had their own homes. In reply state experience, age, give references. 434, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—An experienced teacher of Latin and French in secondary school for whites in lower South. Salary $1,000 and board. Term begins Sept. 21. 396, Outlook.

GOVERNESS.—Wanted, refined, educated young woman as governess for boy of 9. One under 30 years of age capable of teaching French and helping with school work. Answer, stating age, religion, and salary expected. Good references required. Brooks, Box 34, P. O. Station O, New York.

WANTED—Two teachers, one grades, one high school, for private school in Southern winter resort. Please give training, experience, salary desired in first letter. 411, Outlook.

WANTED, ABOUT DEC. 1, NURSERY GOVERNESS for two little boys (aged 6 and 1½ years respectively) in professor's family moving South. Will spend 8 months in small university town in Alabama, 4 summer months in New England. Communicate with Mrs. Edmund G. Howe before October 10 at 314 Collins St., Hartford, Conn., after that date Box 436, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

EXPERIENCED nursery governess to assist in care and training three children, 8, 6, 4. Two older children attend day school. Near Boston. References required. No housework. State wages. 418, Outlook.

GOVERNESS for girl six years old, Philadelphia suburbs. Desire educated and refined young woman. 431, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, Protestant, refined, educated, musical, age 30–40 years, teach and care for girls 7 and 5 years, older boy in school. French preferred. Highest references essential. 430, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

COLLEGE woman, eight years exceptional editorial experience in book and magazine publishing, desires work on manuscripts or proof that can be done at home. 414, Outlook.

ASSOCIATE for girl or woman (Protestant) whose case requires individual study and attention. Specially interested in correcting mental mal-adjustments. 423, Outlook.

Business Situations

INTERESTING, unusual work in New York City desired by young college woman. *Moderate compensation expected.* 404, Outlook.

WOMAN, expert manager employees' cafeteria or lunch room. 437, Outlook.

WELFARE and first aid worker for industries, factory or financial. Experienced. Personality. 436, Outlook.

CAPABLE stenographer wishes work in country or quiet place, not necessarily stenographic work. 441, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY desires position as mother's helper, companion, housekeeper, or any position of trust. Willing to make herself generally useful. References exchanged. 445, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, New Yorker, desires position as traveling companion or chaperon. Experienced European traveler. Highest references as to personality, education, and capacity. 443, Outlook.

LADY with ample leisure and wide experience in the management of larger or smaller households, desires position as visiting housekeeper, companion or secretary in New York City. 355, Outlook.

EDUCATED Protestant American widow, mature age, desires position, chaperon, hostess, companion, headship-of-house, traveling. 380, Outlook.

REFINED, capable woman desires engagement as managing housekeeper, housemother in school, or care of gentleman's home and children. References. 381, Outlook.

TRAINED and experienced woman desires position as director of household affairs. College or school preferred. Unusual references. 392, Outlook.

REFINED woman desires position as companion, hostess, or housekeeper. 400, Outlook.

SITUATION as care taker in country home. 429, Outlook.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE'S A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST

GLOUCESTER SALT MACKEREL

$3.95 *for special 10-lb. pail shipped on approval, express prepaid.*

Will you let us send you a ten-pound pail of fine, fat, new-caught, freshly-packed, Gloucester Fall Mackerel—at *our* risk, express charges paid right to your home?

For 33 years "THE SMITHS" have selected from the Gloucester fishing boats the very choicest of each season's catches and preserved all their fresh-caught flavor and goodness for thousands of folks who live far from the sea.

Send no money—just write your name and address on the coupon and mail it. Your mackerel will come by fast express, fully prepaid. Try them, and if they are not the best mackerel you have ever eaten, send the rest back at our expense and you owe us nothing. Otherwise, a check for $3.95 squares the account.

***Send for this* FREE CATALOG**

Contains full description and prices of Crown Sea Food—*mackerel, codfish, lobster, crab, tuna, shrimp and all the rest.* Everything shipped on approval; safe arrival, prompt shipment and perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Send for this catalog today!

CROWN SEA FOOD CO.
"THE SMITHS"
Dept. 7-J
Gloucester, Mass.

Crown Sea Food Company, Dept. 7-J, Gloucester, Mass.

Please ship me your special pail of mackerel. I will try one or two and either return the rest at your expense or send you $3.95 in ten days.

Name_____

Address_____

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes ARE SUPERIOR

Nature Reproduced

Fresh fruit possesses very valuable properties, among which are certain salts which help to bring about and maintain proper elimination of waste matter from the intestinal canal.

One should eat freely and often of fresh fruit to keep healthy and vigorous; but fresh fruit is frequently unobtainable or too expensive.

ENO's FRUIT SALT

(Derivative Compound)

has as pleasant, refreshing and purifying properties as fresh, ripe fruit, and is always available at your local drug store. A little ENO in a glass of water makes a sparkling and delicious health drink.

At all druggists $1.25 a large bottle

An "upset" or "sour" stomach yields readily to a little ENO, which corrects fermentation and intestinal indigestion and relieves sick headache and similar ailments.

A larger amount in water is a gentle but effective laxative, thoroughly cleansing the intestinal tract of all body waste. For continued good health, get ENO today.

Prepared only by
J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, S. E., England
Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
New York—Toronto—Sydney

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

NURSE-companion, graduate, educated, experienced, resourceful, cheerful, linguist, secretary; can relieve lady of household cares. Traveling or country preferred. References exchanged. 402, Outlook.

YOUNG woman familiar with Western life desires in return for transportation to act as companion to Southwestern travelers. Box 33, White Plains, New York.

YOUNG English lady desires post as companion-secretary or companion to young girl; thorough secretarial experience, musical, adaptable; would run household; willing to go West. 405, Outlook.

MAN nurse, and gentleman's companion who for years has had successful experience in handling and caring for mental cases and nervous disorders, desires engagement. Highest references from Los Angeles, Chicago, New York. Can also receive patients in his Chicago or Los Angeles home. Prices adapted to conditions. Address H. H., Outlook Company, 122 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ills.

LADY, experienced traveler, good linguist, wishes position as companion or secretary to lady traveling to the East, Africa, or South America. Highest references. 403, Outlook.

EDUCATED, well-bred woman wishes position as companion or charge of business woman's or widower's home. Thoroughly experienced. Best references. 407, Outlook.

CULTURED young lady, resident position as secretary-companion. Excellent musician. Would teach child attending school. 399, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

UNIVERSITY woman going abroad early in October would take charge, for the journey, of elderly person, invalid, or child. References. 420, Outlook.

CATERER.—Woman, college graduate, varied experience, at present managing catering of prominent club, desires high grade catering position or management of club or small hotel. 421, Outlook.

RELIABLE single man, thirty-five years of age, licensed chauffeur, so ility as nurse, would act as companion secretary to elderly or invalid gentleman. Willing to travel. Good references. 425, Outlook.

COMPANION-HOUSEKEEPER.—Young woman of education and experience desires position as companion for young girl or family in motherless home. Accustomed, fond of, and attractive to children. Capable of charge of household shopping, entertaining. Excellent references. 426, Outlook.

HOME maker, managing housekeeper, secretary, chaperon. Cultured middle aged London B. A., English by birth, cosmopolitan by travel, seeks re-engagement any size household. Fourteen years' experience United States, including estate superintendent. Considered entertaining companion with magnetic personality, strong sense humor, fond of children, all animals, real country life. No ties, go anywhere. Employers' highest personal references. 427, Outlook.

CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER desires position as MOTHER'S HELPER or HOUSEHOLD ASSISTANT. Excellent references. 438, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY desires position as companion and nurse to elderly lady. Willing to go South or California. 446, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

REFINED young French lady, diplomée Academy, Paris, speaking five languages, experienced teacher, desires position as tutor, teacher, or companion. Excellent references. 440, Outlook.

TEACHER, kindergarten, desires afternoon work; music, entertaining children's parties. Philadelphia. 444, Outlook.

GOVERNESS or nursery governess wishes take care and teach one or two young children. Experienced, well educated. Reference. No objection to traveling or going South. 442, Outlook.

YOUNG man, experienced in child caring institution, settlement work, case work, and teaching, desires executive position in home for boys. Best references. 341, Outlook.

YOUNG college woman wishes position in China. Thorough knowledge of English, French, and German; musical, athletic, capable. Highest references. 410, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher desires to chaperon party going to California in return for traveling expenses. References. 415, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOOKKEEPING self-taught in a week. "Dukes' Columnar Bookkeeping," postpaid $2. Newton A. Dukes, Box 13, Fox St. Station, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

INVALID or nervous patient cared for in physician's suburban home. Wife professional nurse. 313, Outlook.

WASHINGTON lady with social and official connections and having own home will act as confidential adviser and chaperon for persons passing season at National capital; also as chaperon for pupils in select schools. 398, Outlook.

FOR SALE—Antiques. Wonderful bureau, four drawers, mirror; two closets, surmounted railings inclosing quaint jardinieres, $500. Other rare specimens. Stuart, 166 South St., Newburgh, N. Y.

FOR adoption. Two attractive Protestant boys of 7 years; bright, sturdy, and strong. Address 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

FOR adoption. Unusually bright, attractive girl of 10 years. Excellent health, good parentage. Apply 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

WANTED to buy on contract or lease with prospect of buying promising business college. 422, Outlook.

AUTO camping outfit for sale. Used three weeks. For particulars address 424, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, college graduate, would like to assist private book collector. 428, Outlook.

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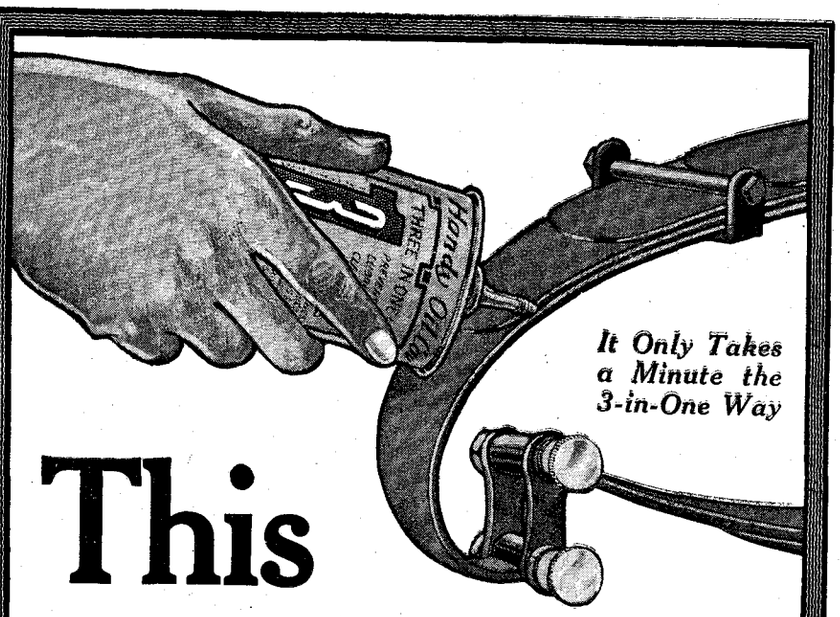


It Only Takes a Minute the 3-in-One Way

This Stops Spring Squeaks

Thousands of car owners, chauffeurs and garage men have adopted the quick, clean, easy 3-in-One Oil way of stopping automobile spring squeaks. Why don't *you* try it? No jacking up the car—no loosening of clips—no need of a spring spreader—no soiling of hands—no frazzling of temper—no trouble whatever. Simply take this Handy Oil Can and squirt

3-in-One Oil

along the edges of the leaves and on the ends of the springs.

3-in-One has wonderful penetrative power. It works its way in between the leaves—supplies the lubrication the spring has been asking for. Squeaking stops, rust is prevented, and much breakage of springs avoided. Oil your magneto with 3-in-One—then you'll always get a fat, hot spark at the right firing instant. Ford owners should try 3-in-One on the commutator—making cranking a lot easier.

Sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz bottles and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

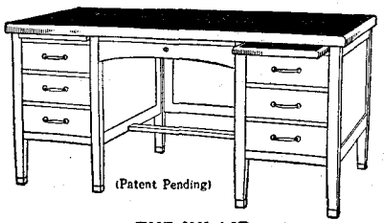
FREE Our Special Automobile Circular tells how 3-in-One brightens up car bodies, polishes the nickel parts, cleans the wind-shield, prevents rust on metal parts, preserves upholstery. Ask us to send you a copy—and a liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil—both free.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165 SS Broadway, New York

A4

Most Important Invention

In OFFICE EQUIPMENT



(Patent Pending)

THE INLAID

"LINO" *Writing Bed*

—ON THE—

NEW GUNN DESK

Does Away with DISFIGURED OFFICE DESK TOPS

eliminates the use of *plate glass* and *blotters*

Wears like iron. Feels like kid. Attractive in appearance. Restful to the eyes. No varnish to mar. Impervious to ink and stains. *Sample Section*, showing construction and full particulars, mailed FREE

The GUNN FURNITURE CO.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

"Thirty years builders of Desks"

NEW YORK BRANCH, No. 11 E. 36th Street.

A Pot of Gold Hidden in the Secret Compartment of an Old Family Chest

There may not be any hidden treasures in any of your chests or cabinets, but there may be some rare old book in your library, some historic piece of plate in your cupboard, or some talent of your own that might be advantageously marketed by means of a brief advertisement in The Outlook's classified advertising section.

Thousands have advertised property, employment, and other opportunities in this way and have profited by it. Unemployed have used it effectively to secure positions.

Those of you who have read The Outlook regularly for years without having made use of this classified advertising service have overlooked a practical opportunity of unusual possibilities.

If you are in need of a household helper, companion, nurse, governess, teacher, or business or professional assistant, you will probably find that a small advertisement in this department will bring prompt and gratifying results.

The steady growth of this department bears witness to its ability to get results.

The advertising rate in this section is only ten cents per word, including name and address.

Decide now what you need or what you want to sell, and then send us your advertisement before you forget about it.

Department of Classified Advertising

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

BY THE WAY

As to the old rhymed geography concerning which an inquiry was made in this column, a subscriber writes:

> My grandmother, who was a child in Troy, New York, about 1830, studied Peter Parley's "Geography in Rhyme," and when she was a pioneering mother in Wisconsin entertained her children by reciting selections from this text-book. My mother, from whom I have this information, recalls this portion from the section on New York State:
>
> The Hudson River rolling free
> The Mohawk and the Genesee
> The Susquehan' and the Black Sureil
> The New York names we know full well.

Another "Poetical Geography," a reader states, was published about 1850 and began as follows:

> The surface of the Earth, with all its tribes
> Of sea and land, Geography describes.

"In 1856," another subscriber says, "in the little village of Liberty, in Maine, I attended an evening geography school in which I learned more geography in one term than in all the rest of my life. We learned from large maps called 'Pelton's Outline Maps.' No names were printed on the maps, but the names were arranged in rhyme in the Key, and as the whole school chanted the names of the States, rivers, mountains, lakes, etc., the teacher pointed them out with a long pointer. They are still clear in my memory."

In this column the statement was recently made that "the fighting badger evidently made the strongest impression on the settlers and gave Wisconsin its nickname—'the Badger State.'" A reader comments: "Reuben Thwaites, who has written a history of Wisconsin, states that Wisconsin was called the 'Badger State' because the early Wisconsin miners, like the badger, dug caves into the sides of hills for their winter homes. The fighting qualities of the badger have nothing to do with the nickname, the Badger State."

A subscriber adds the following to our collection of epitaphs. It was copied from a tombstone in a cemetery at Stirling, Scotland:

> Our life is but a Winter's day
> Some only breakfast and away
> Others to dinner stay
> And are full fed
> The oldest man but sups
> And goes to bed
> Large is his debt
> That lingers out the day
> He that goes soonest
> Has the least to pay

"The Germans," says the Boston Transcript, "are always doing things that are disagreeable to the rest of the world. Just now they are working."

The editor of the Eureka (Kansas) "Herald" seems to have been tried beyond endurance. He comes back thuswise: "The incongruities of nature are well illustrated when a man whose life from the cradle has been one stupendous

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error points out a small mistake in a newspaper and asks the editor why he can't get things straight." An exchange prints the note with the head: "If the shoe fits, put it on."

James Gordon Bennett, founder of the New York "Herald," was a hard worker, but didn't know how to "let up." He once said to a friend: "The really important thing for you to know as a young man is that you must bank up your health account. Look at me—I am never sick. I never take a vacation. I am here at the office in the morning and sometimes late at night. But I always go to bed early enough to get a good night's sleep. If you get plenty of sleep and are careful of your diet, you will never be sick."

Andrew Carnegie was another hard worker, but he knew how to delegate his work to others. He remarked to a friend who told him that he got to the office at seven in the morning: "You must be a lazy man if it takes you ten hours to do a day's work. What I do is to get good men and I never give them orders. My directions do not go beyond suggestions. Here in the morning I get reports from them. Within an hour I have disposed of everything, sent out all my suggestions, the day's work is done, and I am ready to go out and enjoy myself."

"John Brown's Body" and "Dixie," the product of Civil War times, have probably been the most popular of American marching songs; "A Hot Time" is the martial legacy of the Spanish-American War. What songs will be best remembered in connection with the Great War? "Over There," "The Last Long Mile," "Tipperary," and "Madelon" are mentioned in a recent book as possible candidates for the honor, while "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" is also probably to be reckoned with. "The Marseillaise," however, it is declared, was sung by all the Allied Armies in France more generally than any other song.

If a vote were taken as to America's favorite bird, what one would be selected? The "Naturalist" of the New York "Evening Post" gives several reasons for thinking that the robin would win. No doubt as a National emblem the eagle would lead; perhaps among the children the turkey would carry off the honors; while if usefulness were considered, the humble hen would doubtless receive the most votes. Highest on a list of undesirable birds would probably be placed the English sparrow, with possibly the crow as a runner-up.

Gilbert Frankau's poignant couplet on "Pelman," the "ism" that recently swept England and to a lesser degree America, the New York "Times" says, appears in the "Etymological Dictionary of Modern English" as an illustration of the term. These are the lines:

Turn a blear-eyed pauper to a swell man
In six sharp weeks of concentrated Pelman.

"I Deserve to Walk---
Should Have Put a WASCO in the Garage."

THE day started all wrong — a frozen radiator — tiresome ploughing thru the snow drifts — a big repair bill certain.

And all so easily avoided! With a WASCO-Heated garage, there can be no frozen radiators, no cracked cylinders, no oil-congealed engine, no strained storage battery or other expensive cold weather car troubles.

Any handy man can install the hot water WASCO System — no expensive steamfitter needed. Costs less than street car fare for coal. Self-regulating. Needs attention only once a day.

Write for catalog that illustrates and explains the fuel economy and automatic temperature regulation of WASCO.

Some desirable territory open for live distributors.

W. A. SCHLEIT MFG. COMPANY, INC.
160 Eastwood Station SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Originators of special heating system for garages.

WASCO is also used for heating offices, stores, cottages, etc.

WASCO
GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM
READY-TO-SET-UP

A WASCO 2 Car System. Other Sizes for 1 to 10 Car Garages

NORMAL TRAINING DEPT.

ETHICAL CULTURE SCHOOL

PREPARES young women with High School Education or its Equivalent for interesting and constructive occupations. Training is given in methods and practice of the kindergarten, elementary school, social work, community work and child welfare.

A few opportunities to obtain Free tuition
Many Requests for Teachers and Workers

SCHOOL NOW OPEN

Address for further information

33 Central Park West *New York City*

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES

THERE is apparently no professional jealousy in the Utah newspaper publisher who writes us: "I have only been a subscriber for The Outlook since last April, but my name will remain on your subscription lists as long as I am able to read, for of all weekly periodicals it has been my pleasure to read, none compares with your publication for concise world information, intensely interesting reading, and mental development generally."

IF you are in arrears in payment of your grocery bills, you might consider the method of the subscriber who prefaces his confession by declaring that only once in a while does he part with a copy of The Outlook—"as some turbaned prince of the templed East may once in a time part with a string of jewels. . . . I send one, for instance, to a friend to whom in the stress of toil I have long omitted to write." But when his grocer becomes too insistent with communications bearing the disquieting injunction, "Please remit," our valued subscriber betakes himself to the grocery store, armed with his favorite weekly, and invariably gets the grocer so engrossed in its contents that when he "nudges the old son of a packet of grape nuts" and says: "Say, old timer, what about that little account?" we are reliably informed that the reply is invariably: "All right, Bill, don't bother me now; any time you're ready."

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

IT appears that this column is not being as widely read as we had supposed. A duly accredited representative of the credit department of one of the large New York stores dropped into The Outlook office the other day, asked for the cashier, and inquired:

"Is there a man named Lyman Abbott employed here?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"In what capacity is he employed?"

"In an editorial capacity."

"Does he occupy a responsible position?"

"Yes, Dr. Abbott has a rather responsible position."

"Is he a doctor?"

"Yes, he has a number of doctor's degrees."

"How long has he been working here?"

"Since about 1870."

The interrogator looked at the other suspiciously. "He must be pretty well along in years."

"No, he's only in his eighties."

But by this time it began to dawn upon the bearer of the questionnaire that the subject of his inquiries must, after all, be fairly well established in business. But whether he thinks The Outlook is a patent medicine or a new-fangled optical lens we cannot say. But we know that the credit department of this large establishment does not read the Contributors' Gallery, in which we have more than once spoken of our veteran Editor-in-Chief.

WILLIAM T. ELLIS has traveled extensively in Russia and has been a war correspondent on the Persian, Caucasian, Rumanian, and French fronts. He was correspondent for the New York "Herald" in the Balkans, Turkey, and Egypt in 1919. He has been on the staff of various Philadelphia dailies. His home is in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

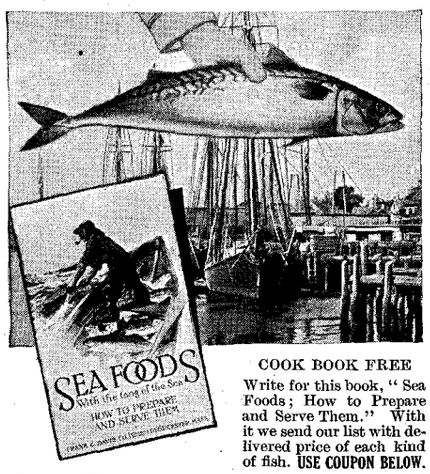
JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON is a graduate of the University of Wooster, where he received his training as a pharmaceutical chemist. He has been in newspaper work since 1890. He has been on the staff of the Cleveland "Leader," of the New York "Tribune," New York "Herald," and New York "Times," and has done special work for the London "Times." He has contributed extensively to magazines on technical subjects, is a member of the American Chemical Association, and is deeply interested in hydraulic subjects.

HAROLD D. SCARBOROUGH is a member of the New York "Tribune" European staff.

Salt Mackerel

CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

Right from the Fishing Boats to You



COOK BOOK FREE

Write for this book, "Sea Foods; How to Prepare and Serve Them." With it we send our list with delivered price of each kind of fish. USE COUPON BELOW.

FAMILIES who are fond of FISH can be supplied DIRECT from GLOUCESTER, MASS., by the FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY, with newly caught, KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH, choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT, sending by EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME. We PREPAY express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want YOU to try some, subject to your complete approval or your money will be cheerfully refunded.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters simply are boiled and packed in PARCHMENT-LINED CANS. They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, SHRIMP to cream on toast, CRABMEAT for Newburg or deviled, SALMON ready to serve, SARDINES of all kinds, TUNNY for salad, SANDWICH FILLINGS and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

FRANK E. DAVIS CO.
66 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

FRANK E. DAVIS CO.
66 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

Please send me your latest Sea Food Cook Book and Fish Price List.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

A Mediterranean Cruise

FOLLOWING the remarkable success of our Mediterranean Cruise of last winter, the

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

announces a Cruise to the Mediterranean, sailing February 11th, 1922 and returning April 13th, on the Cunard Liner "Carmania."

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